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# THE RIVERSIDE READERS

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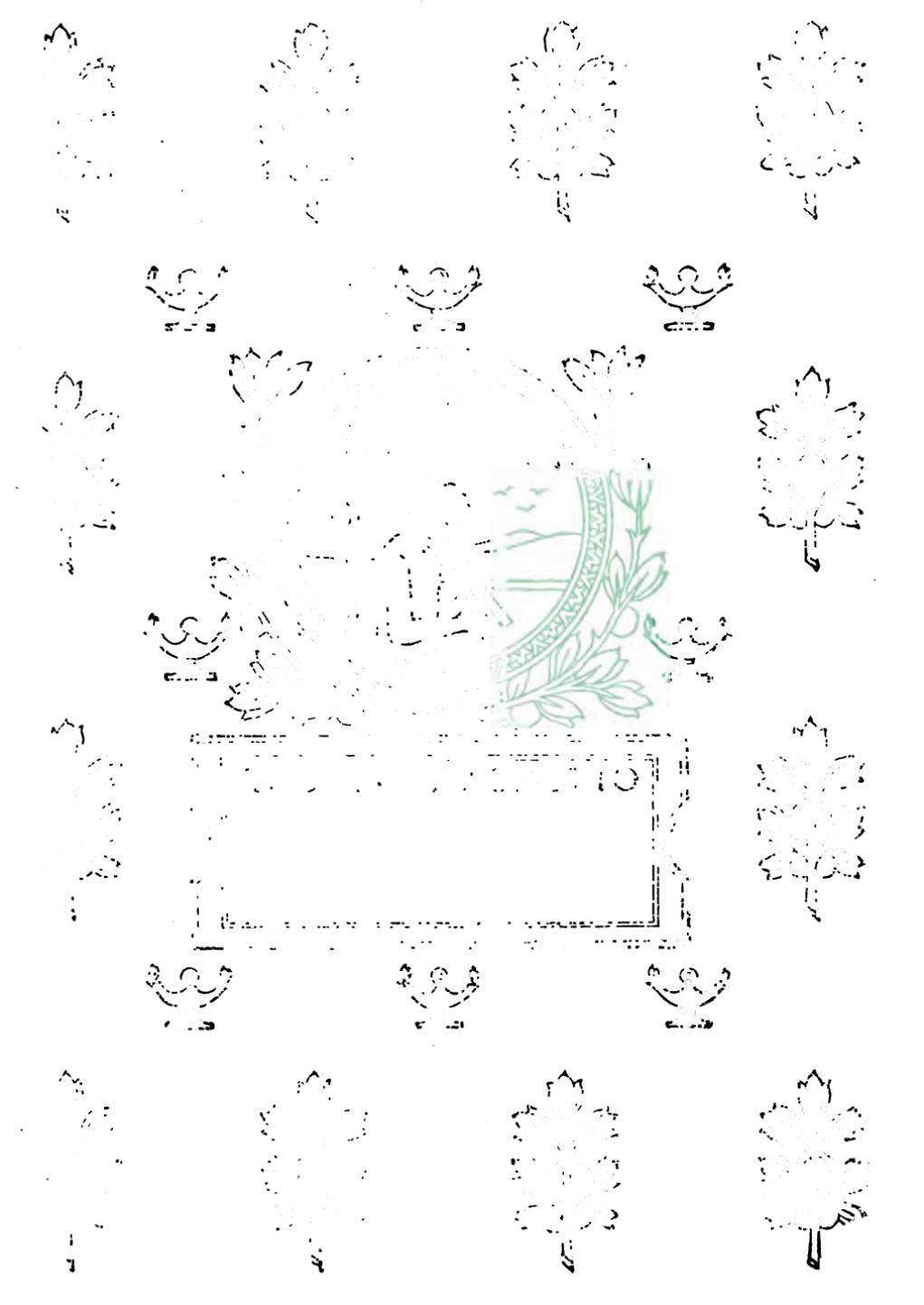


## SEVENTH READER

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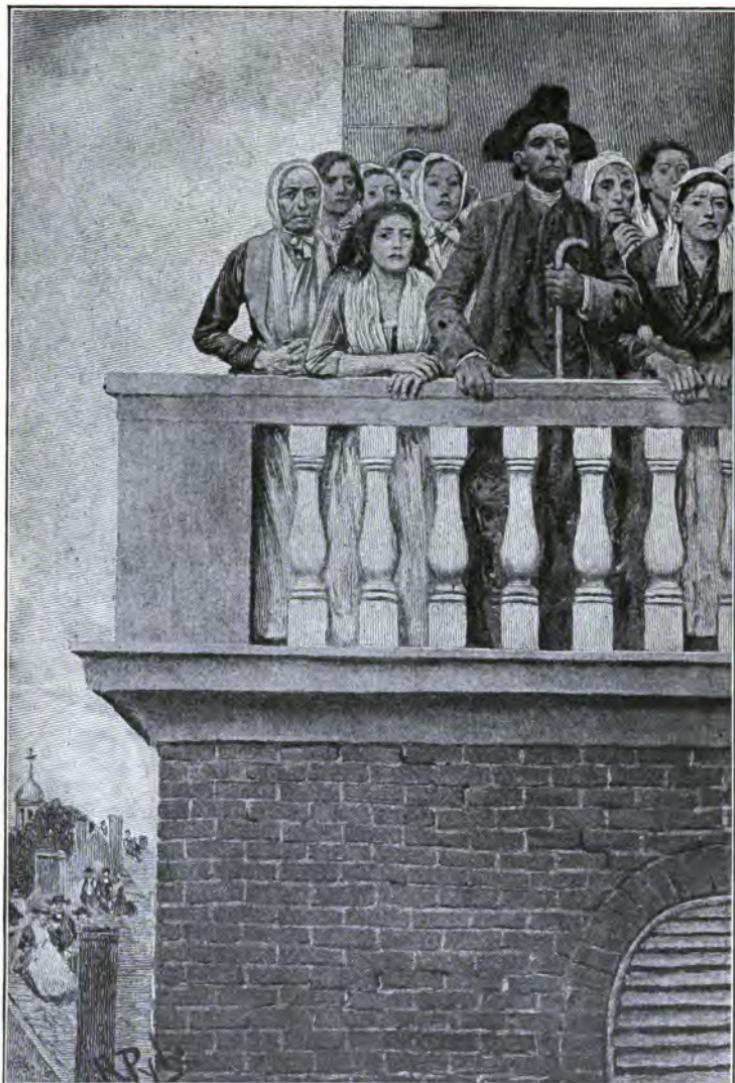
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(Page 196.)

**WE ARE WELL-NIGH BREATHLESS ALL**

THE RIVERSIDE READERS

SEVENTH READER

BY

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## TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS

There was once a boy — perhaps you have heard of him — whose great ambition was to be the hero of a story, or, as he used to say, to be “put into a book”; and one night he dreamed that he had been. But the dream was a bit addle-pated, as often dreams will be, and did n’t quite carry out his ambition. For — oh, horrible! — instead of appearing as a hero, he found himself flattened out between the pages, while the covers of the book were pressing together as hard as they could.

A very cruel misapprehension on the part of that dream, was it not? — Or was it? Dreams, you know, are sometimes very canny, and have a strange way of showing us up to ourselves. And — would you believe it? — deep in its soul, that book had been treasuring revenge. Time after time, every time that boy had been called upon to read from it, it had felt its voice being choked, its soul being smothered, its very life crushed out of it. It had a message to utter, that its own creator had given it to say. It could look dumbly at you and beg you to read it — to read it with an eye of understanding, and your heart in sympathy. True, it could do that.

But how much it wanted a voice! a voice—the natural means of speaking, man to man; of bringing news, and offering hope, of persuading, and consoling, and defying, and commanding; a voice, whose every tone can mean more than any word it speaks! And the boy had opened the book, and had uttered words, words, words,—its own words, to be sure, but how dead they fell! Never could it be said that “understanding put forth her voice.” Should not the servant revenge an insult to his master? and, no less, the book, to its creator? And the book had taken its revenge.

So much for a dream—a dream which is not all a dream. How much of it is not, it might be you could tell? Then, suppose, when next you read some message for which you must be the voice,—and especially is this true if the message be a poet’s,—you think of this: that somewhere in it you will find a part,—only some one sentence, perhaps,—that is the keynote to it all. Perhaps it is in the beginning, perhaps somewhere in the midst, perhaps at the very end. Do not overlook it, for it unlocks the meaning of the whole. And when you understand the heart of the message, then speak it heartily. Speak it earnestly, as if the message were your own. For reading is speech—we are the spokesmen for those far mightier than we; and that is why, as a poet wrote,—

“The world of books is still the world.”

## PART I. GENERAL SELECTIONS

### COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:

“Why, now not even God would know,  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say”—  
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.  
He lifts his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?”  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck --  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

THE GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF  
BIRD LIFE

D. LANGE

Twice every year a wave of living birds, almost inconceivably grand in the number of birds involved, surges over North America. The autumn wave rolls from the arctic tundras of Canada and Alaska to the torrid valley of the Amazon and the great pampas of the La Plata, only to roll back again to the ice-bound northern ocean with the northward progression of the sun. And almost as ceaseless as the ever-rising, ever-falling swell of the ocean tides is this miraculous tide of beating wings and pulsating little hearts. The last stragglers of the northward migration do not reach their northern home before the early part of June; but in July the southward-setting tide has begun again.

The number of birds that make up this mighty wave almost passes comprehension. Probably more than ninety-five per cent of all birds making their summer home between the northern boundary of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean, that is, in the United States and Canada, help to swell the great bird tide that moves southward in autumn and northward in the spring with the regularity of a pendulum.

## 4. GREAT SWALLOWS IN THE WEST

A most remarkable migration is that made by the Swallows. This remarkable migration of messengers makes no summer home in the West the eastern states as far west as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and extends to Manitoba and Montana. The birds migrate earlier than the northwestern birds that pass the Great Plains by way of Montana or the Mississippi Valley. We do not as yet know the exact route the birds take south. In general all the birds from N. America migrate to the south of us for the winter and leave the Great Plains by way of Florida. After the breeding season in the birds is the their downy-looking dress of "juvenile" and "old" and assume the plain brownish grey of the females. At the same time the birds become a drab and start southward.

After the first of September all have left their breeding grounds and September 1st is the latest I ever saw birds back in the woods of southern Minnesota. From 1st to the 20th of October the country glistens in thousands and thousands in the rice fields of the Gulf coast where they are known and feared as rice birds because of size and every year the rice growers of the South have to expend tens of thousands of dollars to protect the crops from being literally pecked up by the birds. Robert of Lincoln, a noted author and general entertainer of our northern readers, appears in the Southern rice country as a veritable pest. Fifty years ago the

bobolinks gathered the fuel for their long sea voyage from the wild rice of the marshes; since then they have discovered that the cultivated rice makes a better food and fuel, and every autumn they levy a heavy tax on the rice growers of the South Atlantic states.

After they have grown fat on rice, they leave for Cuba. From Cuba their route leads over Jamaica, but many of them have gathered such a surplus of fat and energy that they make the seven-hundred-mile flight to South America without stopping in Jamaica. Arrived on the mainland, they travel as far south as the valley of the Amazon and southern Brazil, where they spend the winter.

About the first of May the northern nature-lover takes an early morning ramble through fields and meadows, and there is the bobolink, swinging and singing from brier and reed, in full nuptial plumage. He has traveled from four to six thousand miles since you saw him last, and has escaped thousands of shotguns and numerous other dangers. Every year of his life he performs this journey, until his bubbling voice has grown silent, and his little quivering body has come to rest in some lone marsh or among the grass of the pampas.

[Pause here a moment to read Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln," which you will find with his poems, on page 244.]

## 6 GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD LIFE

Every one who is somewhat familiar with the structure and the habits of wild swans, geese, and ducks is not surprised to learn that these large waterfowls can annually perform long journeys. Their bodies are powerful engines, adapted equally well to a rushing flight through the air and to a restful locomotion on the water. Moreover, in autumn their plumage is so thick and dense that it is not only perfectly waterproof and frost-proof, but almost shot-proof.

But how can we express our wonder and admiration when we learn that such feeble and tiny folk as the warblers and humming birds undertake voyages as great as, or even greater than, the swift teal and the majestic swan? The blackpoll warbler, a bird smaller than the chickadee, makes its summer home as far north as Alaska, and winters in Brazil, traveling from ten to fifteen thousand miles a year.

The rufous humming bird, a wee bit of a bird, scarcely larger than a bumble bee, makes its summer home and builds its tiny nest on the spruce of Alaska, and spends the winter among the flowers of tropical Mexico. Twice a year it journeys up and down the Pacific coast, a distance of three thousand miles.

The warblers are not strong flyers; and their loose, fluffy feathers are a poor protection against storm, rain, and cold. During the summer months about sixty different kinds of warblers enliven the

woods of North America clear up to the treeless north and to the cold treeless ridges of the mountains; but during the winter scarcely a single warbler remains in the United States. Nearly all of them are great travelers and make their winter home in Mexico, in Central and South America, and in the West Indies. Very often fogs and storms confuse and bewilder them on their journeys, thousands dash themselves to death against the lighthouses along the coast, and tens of thousands are swallowed up by the waves of the storm-lashed Gulf. But in spite of all these dangers they will not stay among the palms, where food is abundant and where no great danger threatens them. An uncontrollable longing that defies all danger and hardship impels them onward to their far boreal homes as soon as the new leaves are budding on the northern willows and poplars.

There is a popular opinion that birds follow closely the advance of warmer weather northward, but close study has shown this idea to be wrong. With very few exceptions, the birds travel northward much faster than the warmth of spring, and are constantly overtaking colder weather. The pretty yellow warblers leave the latitude of New Orleans under a temperature of 65° F., and they arrive on their breeding grounds at Great Slave Lake under a temperature of only 47° F. They travel over a distance of twenty-five hundred miles in twenty-five days, but spring

## 8 GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD LIFE

requires thirty-five days to travel from New Orleans to Great Slave Lake.

The higher the latitude the birds reach, the faster they travel. The little blackpoll warblers average about thirty miles a day from New Orleans to southern Minnesota. Then they begin to increase their speed like race horses on the home stretch; and when they approach their northernmost breeding grounds in Alaska, they average about two hundred miles a day.

Most of our common song birds migrate by night, flying in clear weather at a height of a mile or more above the earth. This explains why it so often happens that one finds no birds in the afternoon, while early next morning the earth is all alive with them, as if they had dropped out of the sky over night. In this case appearances are not deceptive. They have actually dropped from the region of the clouds.

How do birds find their way? There is no doubt that they are often guided by sight along coasts, lakes, rivers, and valleys, which are plainly visible for a great distance from the height at which birds travel. In other cases, old birds which have been over the route lead the way, and the young birds follow their calls and their leadership. What wonderful stories these winged travelers could tell, if they could only talk to us; what fascinating teachers of geography they would make! It has, however, been shown lately beyond reasonable doubt

that, in addition to keen sight, acute hearing, individual experience, and race instinct, birds possess what must seem to us a kind of sixth sense, the sense of direction. The Harriman Alaska Expedition found flocks of murres, a sea bird, flying straight for their home on a lonely rock island thirty miles away, through a fog so thick that everything a hundred yards away was absolutely hidden from view. What human brain could guide a ship thirty miles through a dense fog without a compass?

Still more conclusive demonstration of this sense of direction in birds has recently been furnished by Professor John B. Watson. He caught and marked fifteen sooty terns and noddies on the Dry Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico and took them out to sea. Some of the birds were carried as far as Cape Hatteras, eight hundred and fifty miles north of the Tortugas, before they were set free. The sooty terns and the noddies are southern birds which seldom range farther north than the southern coast of Florida; and it is not likely that any of those experimented on had ever been farther north; but, none the less, thirteen birds out of fifteen found their way back to the Tortuga Islands.

It is a remarkable fact that even to-day no man knows where one of our most common swallows, the little bank swallow or sand martin, spends the winter—a bird so common that almost every country boy has peeped and poked into its holes in

## 10 GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD LIFE

the sandbanks. It disappears somewhere in the great interior of South America, that is all we know.

Another bird mystery is furnished by the chimney swift, or chimney swallow, as it is popularly called. In August great flocks of them are found everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. In Minnesota and North Dakota I have frequently met flocks, numbering from one thousand to five thousand, roosting in the chimneys of schoolhouses and churches or other large buildings. Early in September they leave this latitude. Gradually, millions of them reach the Gulf coast, and then they disappear until March. If a great aerial tidal wave had carried them to the moon, their disappearance would not be any more complete. They must winter somewhere in Central or South America, but no ornithologist has yet found them there. It seems almost incredible that a bird so well-known, whose individuals must be counted in millions, should thus far have eluded all observers, but it is nevertheless true.

Science will soon lift the veil from many of the mysteries of the great bird tides, but as one mystery disappears, another and a greater one will appear; and as our knowledge grows, our wonder will grow still more.

## HONK, HONK, HONK!

DALLAS LORE SHARP

*Honk, honk, honk!* Out of the silence of the November night, down through the depths of the darkened sky, rang the thrilling call of the passing geese.

*Honk, honk, honk!* I was out of bed in an instant; but before I had touched the floor, there was a patter of feet in the boys' room, the creak of windows going up, and—silence.

*Honk, honk, honk!* A mighty flock was coming. The stars shone clear in the far blue; the trees stood dark on the rim of the North; and somewhere, between the trees and the stars, somewhere along a pathway running north and south, close up against the distant sky, the wild geese were winging.

*Honk, honk, honk!* They were overhead. Clear as bugles, round and mellow as falling flute notes, ordered as the tramp of soldiers, fell the *honk, honk, honk*, as the flock in single line, or double like the letter V, swept over and was gone.

We had not seen them. Out of a sound sleep they had summoned us, out of beds with four wooden legs and no wings; and we had heard the wild sky-call, had heard and followed through our

open windows, through the dark of the night, up into the blue vault under the light of the stars.

Round and dim swung the earth below us, hushed and asleep in the soft arms of the night. Hill and valley lay close together, farm-land and wood-land, all wrapped in the coverlet of the dark. City and town, like watch fires along the edge of a sleeping camp, burned bright on the rivers and brighter still on the ragged line of shore and sea; for we were far away, near the stars. The mountains rose up, but they could not reach us; the white lakes beckoned, but they could not call us down. For the stars were bright, the sky-coast was clear, the wind in our wings was the keen, wild wind of the North, and the call that we heard — ah! who knows the call? Yet, who does not know it — that distant, haunting call to fly, fly, fly?

I found myself in my bed the next morning. I found the small boys in their beds. I found the big round sun in the sky that morning and not a star in sight! There was nothing unusual to be seen up there, nothing mysterious at all. But there was something unusual, something mysterious, to be seen in the four small faces at the breakfast table that morning — eyes all full of stars and deep with the far, dark depths of the midnight sky into which they had gazed — into which those four small boys had flown! We had often heard the geese go over before, but never such a flock as this, never such wild

waking clangor, so clear, so far away, so measured, swift, and — gone !

I love the sound of the ocean surf, the roar of a winter gale in the leafless woods, the sough of the moss-hung cypress in the dark southern swamps. But no other voice of Nature is so strangely, deeply thrilling to me as the *honk, honk, honk* of the passing geese.

For what other voice, heard nowadays, of beast or bird is so wild and free and far-resounding ? Heard in the solemn silence of the night, the notes fall as from the stars, a faint and far-off salutation, like the call of sentinels down the picket line — “All’s well ! All’s well !” Heard in the open day, when you can see the winged wedge splitting through the dull gray sky, the notes seem to cleave the dun clouds, driven down by the powerful wing-beats where the travelers are passing, high and far beyond the reach of our guns.

The sight of the geese going over in the day, and the sound of their trumpetings, turn the whole world of cloud and sky into a wilderness, as wild and primeval a wilderness as that distant forest of the far Northwest, where the howl of wolves is still heard by the trappers. Even that wilderness, however, is passing ; and perhaps no one of us will ever hear the howl of wolves in the hollow snow-filled forests, as many of our parents have heard. But the *honk* of the wild geese going over we should

all hear, and our children should hear ; for this flock of wild creatures we have in our hands to preserve.

The wild geese breed in the low wet marshes of the half-frozen North, where, for a thousand years to come they will not interfere with the needs of man. They pass over our northern and middle states and spend the winter in the rivers, marshes, and lagoons of the South, where, for another thousand years to come, they can do little, if any, harm to man, but rather good.

But North and South, and all along their journey back and forth, they are shot for sport and food. For the wild geese cannot make this thousand-mile flight without coming down to rest and eat; and wherever that descent is made, there is pretty sure to be a man with a gun on the watch.

Here, close to my home, are four ponds ; and around the sides of each of them are "goose blinds"—screens made of cedar and pine boughs fixed into the shore, behind which the gunners lie in wait. More than that, out upon the surface of the pond are geese swimming, but tied so that they cannot escape—geese that have been raised in captivity and placed there to lure the flying wild flocks down. Others, known as "flyers," are kept within the blind to be let loose when a big flock is seen approaching—to fly out and mingle with them and decoy them to the pond. These "flyers" are usually young birds and, when thrown out upon their wings, natu-

rally come back, bringing the wild flock with them, to their fellows fastened in the pond.

A weary flock comes winging over, hungry, and looking for a place to rest. Instantly the captive geese out on the pond see them and set up a loud honking. The flying flock hear them and begin to descend. Then they see one (tossed from the blind) coming on to meet them, and they circle lower to the pond, only to fall before a fury of shots that pour from behind the blind.

Those of the flock that are not killed rise frightened and bewildered to fly to the opposite shore, where other guns riddle them, the whole flock sometimes perishing within the ring of fire !

Such shooting is a crime because it is unfair, giving the creature no chance to exercise his native wit and caution. The fun of hunting, as of any sport, is in playing the game — the danger, the exercise, the pitting of limb against limb, wit against wit, patience against patience; not in a heap of carcasses, the dead and bloody weight of mere meat !

If the hunter would only play fair with the wild goose, shoot him (the wild Canada goose) only along the North Carolina coast, where he passes the winter, then there would be no danger of the noble bird's becoming extinct. And the hunter then would know what real sport is, and what a long-headed, far-sighted goose the wild goose really is — for there are few birds with his cunning and alertness.

Along the Carolina shore the geese congregate in vast numbers; and when the day is calm, they ride out into the ocean after feeding, so far off shore that no hunter could approach them. At night they come in for shelter across the bars, sailing into the safety of the inlets and bays for a place to sleep. If the wind rises, and a storm blows up, then they must remain in the pools and water-holes, where the hunter has a chance to take them. Only here, where the odds are not all against the birds, should the wild geese be hunted.

With the coming of March there is a new note in the clamor of the flocks, a new restlessness in their movements; and, before the month is gone, many mated pairs of the birds have flocked together and are off on their far northern journey to the icy lakes of Newfoundland and the wild, bleak marshes of Labrador.

*Honk, honk, honk!* Shall I hear them going over, — going northward, — as I have heard them going southward this fall? Winter comes down in their wake. There is the clang of the cold in their trumpeting, the closing of iron gates, the bolting of iron doors for the long boreal night. They pass and leave the forests empty, the meadows brown and sodden, the rivers silent, the bays and lakes close sealed. Spring will come up with them on their return; and their *honk, honk, honk* will waken the frogs from their oozy slumbers and stir every winter sleeper to the very circle of the Pole.

*Honk, honk, honk!* Oh, may I be awake to hear  
you, ye strong-winged travelers on the sky, when ye  
go over northward, calling the sleeping earth to  
waken, calling all the South to follow you through  
the broken ice-gates of the North!

*Honk, honk, honk!* The wild geese are passing —  
southward!

[You will find on page 247, with Bryant's poems,  
his verses "To a Waterfowl." It is the poem of all  
poems to read just here.]

## THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

## THREE ARSHINS OF LAND

And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?  
In what furnace was thy brain ?  
What the anvil ? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

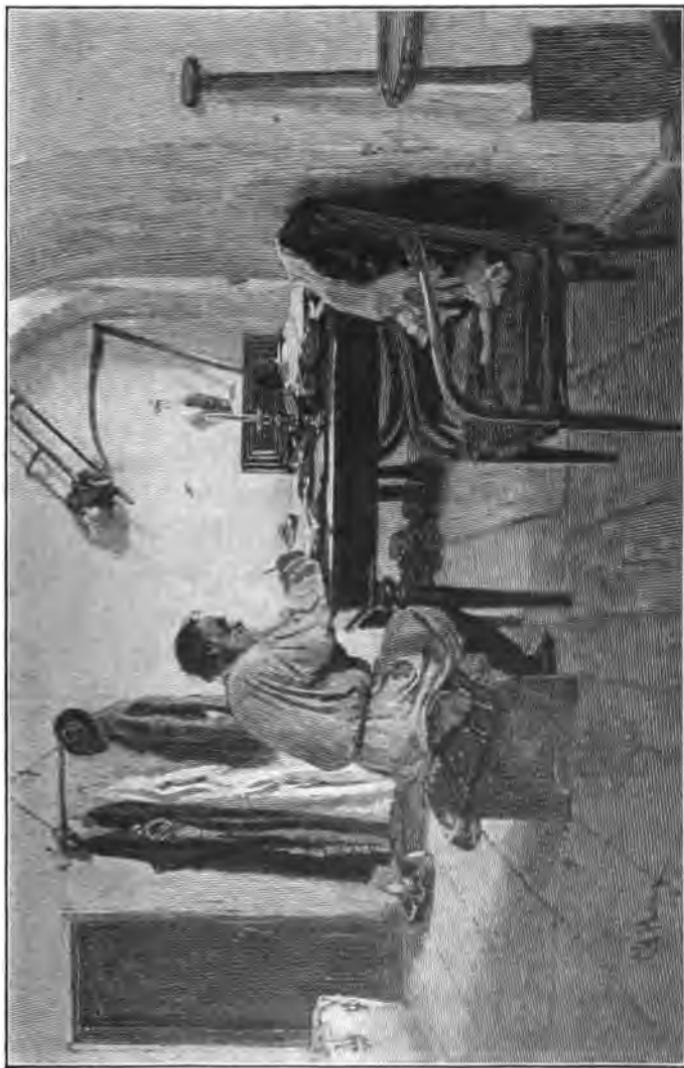
When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see ?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

THREE ARSHINS<sup>1</sup> OF LANDLEO TOLSTOY<sup>2</sup>

[Pakhom<sup>3</sup> was a Russian peasant. He was once tenant of a little farm on a landowner's estate, where he was harassed by fines. Then he had a chance to buy a little of the land for himself; but he grew selfish about his land, and in turn was unkind to his peasant neighbors. One day he heard of better land on the lower Volga. He bought a larger farm down

<sup>1</sup> är shēnz'.<sup>2</sup> tōl stoī'.<sup>3</sup> pà kōm'.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY IN HIS WORKSHOP

*From the painting by Répine.*

there and moved his family to it. But he was not yet satisfied. He saw peasant traders in the neighborhood owning dairies and amassing wealth. He became ambitious to be a large landholder, and start dairying. Then he came across a peasant who owned five hundred dessiatines<sup>1</sup> of land, but, finding himself ruined, was eager to sell, even at a low figure. Pakhom closed a deal with him, to buy the land.]

About this time a traveling merchant stopped at Pakhom's farm to feed his horses. They drank tea and spoke of this and that. The merchant told him that he was on his way home from the land of the Bashkirs.<sup>2</sup> He had bought land there, about five thousand dessiatines, and had paid one thousand rubles for it. Pakhom made inquiries. The merchant willingly gave information.

"Only one thing is needful," he explained, "and that is to do some favor to their Chief. I distributed raiment and rugs among them which cost me a hundred rubles, and I divided a chest of tea between them, and whoever wanted it had his fill of vodka. I got the dessiatine land for twenty copeks. Here is the deed. The land along the river and even on the steppes is wheat-growing land."

Pakhom made further inquiries.

"You could n't walk the land through in a year," reported the merchant. "All this is Bashkir-land.

<sup>1</sup> dēs'yá tēnz.

<sup>2</sup> básh kérz'.

The men are as simple as sheep; one could buy from them almost for nothing."

And Pakhom thought, "Why should I buy for my thousand rubles five hundred dessiatines of land and hang a debt around my neck, while for the same amount I can acquire immeasurable property?"

Pakhom inquired the way to the land of the Bashkirs. As soon as he had seen the merchant off, he made ready for the journey. He left the land and the homestead in his wife's charge and took only one of his farmhands along. In a nearby city they bought a chest of tea, other presents and some vodka, as the merchant had instructed them.

They rode and rode. They covered five hundred versts, and on the seventh day they came into the land of the Bashkirs and found everything just as the merchant had described. On the riverside and in the steppes the Bashkirs live in kibitkas.<sup>1</sup> They do not plow. They eat no bread. Cows and horses graze on the steppes. Foals are tied behind the tents, and mares are taken to them twice daily. They make kumyss out of mare's milk, and the women shake the kumyss to make cheese. The men drink kumyss and tea, eat mutton, and play the flute all day long. They are all fat and merry, and idle the whole summer through. Ignorant folk, they cannot speak Russian, but they were very friendly.

When they caught sight of Pakhom, the Bashkirs

<sup>1</sup> кі біт' каз.

left their tents and surrounded him. An interpreter was at hand, whom Pakhom informed that he had come to buy land. The Bashkirs showed their joy and led Pakhom into their good tent. They bade him sit down on a fine rug, propped him up with downy cushions and treated him to tea and kumyss. They also slaughtered a sheep and offered him meat. Pakhom fetched from his tarantass<sup>1</sup> the chest of tea and other presents and distributed them among the Bashkirs. The Bashkirs were overjoyed. They talked and talked among themselves and finally they ordered the interpreter to speak.

“They want me to tell you,” said the interpreter, “that they have taken a liking to you. It is our custom to favor the guest in all possible ways and to return gifts for gifts. You have given us presents, now tell us what do you like of what we have so that we may give you presents also.”

“Most of all I like land,” replied Pakhom. “We’re crowded where I am at home, and everything is already under the plow. But you have good land and plenty of it. In all my born days I have never seen land like yours.”

The interpreter translated Pakhom’s speech.

The Bashkirs talked again. Pakhom did not understand their chatter, but he saw that they were merry and amused. Then they stopped, fixed their eyes on Pakhom, and the interpreter spoke again:—

<sup>1</sup> та́рантас’.

“They want to tell you that they are obliged to you for your kindness, and they will cede you as much land as you want. Only point with your hand and show what land takes your eye, and it shall be yours.”

The Bashkirs were now talking again, and all at once it looked as though they were quarreling. Pakhom asked why they were quarreling. The interpreter replied,—

“Some of them think that the Chief should be consulted, and that no agreement ought to be made without him; but the others say it can be done without the Chief just as well.”

While the Bashkirs were yet arguing, a man with a hat of fox fur entered the tent. Everybody stopped talking, and they all rose.

“This is the Chief.”

Pakhom immediately produced the best sleeping robe and five pounds of tea. The Chief accepted the presents and sat down in the place of honor. The Bashkirs spoke to him. He listened, smiled, and addressed Pakhom in Russian.

“Well,” he said, “that can be done. Help yourself, wherever it suits you. There is plenty of land.”

“How can I do this, though,” thought Pakhom. “Some official confirmation is necessary. Otherwise they say to-day, help yourself, but afterwards they may take it away again.” And he said,—

“Thank you for these good words. You have plenty of land, and I need but little. Only I must

know what land belongs to me. It must be measured, and I need some sort of a confirmation. For God's will rules over life and death. You are good people, and you give me the land; but it may happen that your children will take it away again."

The Chief laughed. "Surely this can be done," he agreed. "A confirmation so strong that it cannot be made stronger."

Pakhom replied, "I heard that a merchant had been here among you. You sold him land and gave him a deed. I should like to have it the same way."

The Chief immediately understood. "This too can be done," he exclaimed. "We have a writer. We will drive to the city and have the seals put on."

"What is your price?"

"We have but one price; one thousand rubles a day."

Pakhom failed to comprehend what sort of measure a day would be. "How many dessiatines will that make?"

"That we cannot figure out. For one day we sell you as much land as you can walk around in one day. The price of one day is one thousand rubles."

Pakhom looked surprised. "One can walk around a lot of land in one day," he said.

The Chief smiled. "Everything will be yours, but on one condition. If in the course of the day you do not return to the place you start from, your money is lost."

"But how can it be noted how far I have gone?"

"We will stay right at the starting point. Our lads will ride behind you. Where you command they will drive in a stake. Then we shall mark furrows from stake to stake. Choose your circle to suit yourself, only before sunset be back at the spot you started from. All the land that you walk around shall be yours."

Pakhom assented. It was decided to start early in the morning. They conversed for a while, drank kumyss and tea, and ate more mutton. When the night set in, Pakhom retired to sleep and the Bashkirs dispersed. In the morning they were to meet again in order to journey to the starting point.

Pakhom could not fall asleep. He had his mind on the land. What manner of things he thought of introducing there! "A whole principality I have before me! I can easily make fifty versts in one day. The days are long now. Fifty versts encompass ten thousand dessiatines. I will have to knuckle down to no one. I'll plow as much as may suit me, the rest I'll use for a pasturage." The whole night through he was unable to close his eyes; only towards morning he dozed restlessly. Hardly had he begun to doze when he saw a vision. He was lying in his kibitka and heard laughter outside. To see who it was that laughed he stepped out of the kibitka and found the Chief of the Bashkirs. He was holding his hands to his sides and fairly shook with laughter. Pakhom

approached him in his dream to find out why he was laughing, but now, instead of the Bashkir, he saw the merchant who had come to his farm and told him of this land. Just as he wanted to ask him how long he had been there, he saw that it was no longer the merchant, but that mujik<sup>1</sup> who had called on him at his old homestead and told him of the lower Volga region. And now again it was no longer the mujik, but the Devil himself, with horns and hoofs, and he laughed and stared at one spot. What is he looking upon? wondered Pakhom; why is he laughing? In his dream he saw a man lying outstretched, barefoot, clad only in a shirt and a pair of trousers, with his face turned upward, white as a sheet. As he looked again to see what manner of man it was, he saw clearly that it was he himself.

He awoke with the horror of it. What dreadful things one sees in a dream! He looked about. It was commencing to dawn. The people must be roused. It was time to journey to the starting place.

Pakhom arose, waked his servant who had been sleeping in the tarantass, harnessed the horses, and went to wake the Bashkirs.

“It is time,” he said, “to travel to the steppe.”

The Bashkirs got up, assembled, and the Chief came among them. Again they drank tea and wanted to treat Pakhom, but he urged them to be off.

<sup>1</sup> мӯо zhik'.

“If we go, let it be done at once,” he remarked.  
“It is high time.”

The Bashkirs made ready, some of them on horse-back, others in tarantasses. Pakhom, accompanied by his servant, drove in his own cart. They came to the steppe as the morning sun was beginning to crimson the sky, and driving over to a little hillock they gathered together. The Chief came towards Pakhom and pointed with his hand to the steppes.

“All this land that you see,” he said, “as far as your eye can reach, is ours. Choose to suit yourself.”

Pakhom’s eyes shone. In the distance he saw grass land, smooth as the palm of his hand, black as poppy seeds. In the deeper places the grass was growing shoulder high.

The Chief took his fur cap and placed it in the middle of the hill.

“This is the landmark. Here place your gold. Your servant will stay here. Go from this point hence and come back again. All the land that you encompass walking is yours.”

Pakhom took out the money and laid it on the cap. He took off his coat, keeping the vest on, took a bag of bread, tied a flat water bottle to his belt, pulled up his top boots and made ready to go. He hesitated for a while which direction to take. The view was everywhere enchanting. Finally he said to himself, “I’ll go towards the rising of the sun.” He faced

the East and stretched himself waiting for the sun to appear above the horizon. There was no time to lose. It is better walking in the cool of the morning. The riders took up their positions behind him. As soon as the sun was visible, he set off, followed by the men on horseback.

He walked neither briskly nor slowly. He had walked about a verst without stopping when he ordered a stake to be driven in. Once again in motion, he hastened his steps and soon ordered another stake to be put in. He looked back; the hill was still to be seen with the people on it. Looking up at the sun he figured that he had walked about five versts. It had grown warm, and he doffed his vest. Five versts further the heat began to trouble him. Another glance at the sun showed him that it was time for breakfast. "I have already covered a good stretch," he thought. "Of course, there are four of these to be covered to-day, still it is too early to turn yet; but I'll take my boots off." He sat down, took off his boots and went on. The walking was now easier. "I can go five versts more," he thought, "and then turn to the left." The further he went, the more beautiful the land grew. He walked straight ahead. As he looked back again, the hill was hardly to be seen, and the people on it looked like ants.

"Now it's time to turn back," he thought. "How hot I am! I feel like having a drink." He took his bottle with water and drank while walking. Then he

made them drive in another stake and turned to the left. He walked and walked, the grass was high, the sun beat down with evergrowing fierceness. Weariness now set in. A glance at the sun showed him that it was midday. "I must rest," he thought. He stopped and ate a little bread. "If I sit down to eat, I'll fall asleep." He stood for a while, caught his breath and walked on. For a time it was easy. The food had refreshed him and given him new strength. But it was too oppressively hot, and sleep threatened to overcome him. He felt exhausted. "Well," he thought, "an hour of pain for an age of joy."

In this second direction he walked nearly ten versts. He meant then to turn to the left, but lo! the section was so fine—a luxuriant dale. Pity to give it up! What a wonderful place for flax! And again he walked straight on, appropriated the dale and marked the place with a stake. Now only he made his second turning. Casting his glance at the starting point he could hardly discern any people on the hill. "Must be about fifteen versts away. I have made the two sides too long and I must shorten the third. Though the property will turn out irregular in this way, what else can be done? I must turn in and walk straight toward the hill. I must hasten and guard against useless turns. I have plenty of land now." And he turned and walked straight toward the hill.

Pakhom's feet ached. He had worked them al-

most to a standstill. His knees were giving way. He felt like taking a rest, but he dared not. He had no time, he must be back before sunset. The sun does not wait. He ran on as though some one were driving him.

“Did I not make a mistake? Did I not try to grab too much? If I only get back in time! It is so far off, and I am all played out. If only all my trouble and labor be not in vain! I must exert myself to the utmost.”

He shivered and ran onward in a trot. His feet were bleeding now. Still he ran. He cast off his vest, the boots, the bottle, the cap. “I was too greedy! I have ruined all! I can’t get back by sunset!”

It was getting worse all the time. Fear shortened his breath. He ran on. The shirt and trousers were sticking to his body, his mouth was all dried out, his bosom was heaving like the bellows in a forge, his heart was beating like a hammer, the knees felt as though they were another’s and gave under him.

He hardly thought of the land now; he merely thought what to do so as not to die from exertion. Yes, he feared to die, but he could not stop. “I have run so much that if I stop now they will call me a fool.”

The Bashkirs, he could hear clearly, were screaming and calling. Their noise added fuel to his burning heart. With the last effort of his strength he ran. The sun was close to the horizon, but the hill

was quite near now. The Bashkirs were beckoning, calling. He saw the fur cap, saw his money in it, saw the Chief squatting on the ground with his hands at his stomach. He remembered his dream. "Earth there is a-plenty," he thought, "but will God let me live thereon? Ah, I have destroyed myself." And still he kept on running.

He looked at the sun. It was large and crimson, touching the earth and beginning to sink. He reached the foot of the hill. The sun had gone down. A cry of woe escaped from his lips. He thought all was lost. But he remembered that the sun must yet be visible from a higher spot. He rushed up the hill. There was the cap. He stumbled and fell, but reached the cap with his hands.

"Good lad!" exclaimed the Chief. "You have gained much land."

As Pakhom's servant rushed to his side and tried to lift him, blood was flowing from his mouth. He was dead. The servant lamented.

The Chief was still squatting on the ground, and now he began laughing loudly and holding his sides. Then he rose to his feet, threw a spade to the servant and said, "Here, dig!"

The Bashkirs all clambered to their feet and drove away. The servant remained alone with the corpse.

He dug a grave for Pakhom, the measure of his body from head to foot — three arshins and no more. There he buried Pakhom.

## LIFE'S MEASURE

BEN JONSON

For what is life, if measured by the space,  
Not by the act?  
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,  
Above his fact?  
Here 's one outlived his peers,  
And told forth fourscore years;  
He vexèd time, and busied the whole state,  
Troubled both foes and friends,  
But ever to no ends;  
What did this stirrer but die late ?  
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!  
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make Man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night—  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH STICKEEN

JOHN MUIR

[In this adventure, Mr. Muir was exploring a glacier in Alaska. With him was Stickeen, a little black dog with bright eyes and long silky hair, and a bushy tail that curled forward over his back. Stickeen had been adopted as a "good-luck totem" by the Stickeen Indians of Alaska, and named after the tribe, and had come from the Indian settlement with one of Mr. Muir's party of guides. On the morning of this memorable day he had persisted in following Mr. Muir through the storm, over the glacier.]

At length our way was barred by a very wide and straight crevasse, which I traced rapidly northward a mile or so without finding a crossing or hope of one; then down the glacier about as far, to where it united with another uncrossable crevasse.

In all this distance of perhaps two miles there was only one place where I could possibly jump it; but the width of this jump was the utmost I dared attempt, while the danger of slipping on the farther side was so great that I was loath to try it. Furthermore, the side I was on was about a foot higher than the other; and even with this advantage the crevasse seemed dangerously wide. One is liable to

underestimate the width of crevasses where the magnitudes in general are great. I therefore stared at this one mighty keenly, estimating its width and the shape of the edge on the farther side, until I thought that I could jump it if necessary, but that in case I should be compelled to jump back from the lower side I might fail.

Now, a cautious mountaineer seldom takes a step on unknown ground which seems at all dangerous that he cannot retrace in case he should be stopped by unseen obstacles ahead. This is the rule of mountaineers who live long; and, though in haste, I compelled myself to sit down and calmly deliberate before I broke it.

Retracing my devious path in imagination as if it were drawn on a chart, I saw that I was recrossing the glacier a mile or two farther upstream than the course pursued in the morning, and that I was now entangled in a section I had not before seen. Should I risk this dangerous jump, or try to regain the woods on the west shore, make a fire, and have only hunger to endure while waiting for a new day? I had already crossed so broad a stretch of dangerous ice that I saw it would be difficult to get back to the woods through the storm, before dark, and the attempt would most likely result in a dismal night-dance on the glacier; while just beyond the present barrier the surface seemed more promising, and the east shore was now perhaps about as near as

the west. I was therefore eager to go on. But this wide jump was a dreadful obstacle.

At length, because of the dangers already behind me, I determined to venture against those that might be ahead, jumped and landed well, but with so little to spare that I more than ever dreaded being compelled to take that jump back from the lower side. Stickeen followed, making nothing of it; and we ran eagerly forward, hoping we were leaving all our troubles behind. But within the distance of a few hundred yards we were stopped by the widest crevasse yet encountered.

Of course I made haste to explore it, hoping all might yet be remedied by finding a bridge or a way around either end. About three-fourths of a mile upstream I found that it united with the one we had just crossed, as I feared it would. Then, tracing it down, I found it joined the same crevasse at the lower end also, maintaining throughout its whole course a width of forty to fifty feet. Thus, to my dismay, I discovered that we were on a narrow island about two miles long, with two barely possible ways of escape: one back by the way we came, the other ahead by an almost inaccessible sliver-bridge that crossed the great crevasse from near the middle of it!

After this nerve-trying discovery I ran back to the sliver-bridge and cautiously examined it.

Crevasses, caused by strains from variations in the

rate of motion of different parts of the glacier and convexities in the channel, are mere cracks when they first open, so narrow as hardly to admit the blade of a pocket-knife, and gradually widen according to the extent of the strain and the depth of the glacier. Now some of these cracks are interrupted, like the cracks in wood; and in opening, the strip of ice between overlapping ends is dragged out, and may maintain a continuous connection between the sides, just as the two sides of a slivered crack in wood that is being split are connected. Some crevasses remain open for months or even years, and by the melting of their sides continue to increase in width long after the opening strain has ceased; while the sliver-bridges, level on top at first and perfectly safe, are at length melted to thin, vertical, knife-edged blades, the upper portion being most exposed to the weather; and since the exposure is greatest in the middle, they at length curve downward like the cables of suspension bridges.

This one was evidently very old, for it had been weathered and wasted until it was the most dangerous and inaccessible that ever lay in my way. The width of the crevasse was here about fifty feet, and the sliver crossing diagonally was about seventy feet long; its thin knife-edge near the middle was depressed twenty-five or thirty feet below the level of the glacier, and the upcurving ends were attached to the sides eight or ten feet below the brink. Getting

down the nearly vertical wall to the end of the sliver and up the other side were the main difficulties, and they seemed all but insurmountable. Of the many perils encountered in my years of wandering on mountains and glaciers, none seemed so plain and stern and merciless as this. And it was presented when we were wet to the skin and hungry, the sky dark with quick driving snow, and the night near. But we were forced to face it. It was a tremendous necessity.

Beginning, not immediately above the sunken end of the bridge, but a little to one side, I cut a deep hollow on the brink for my knees to rest in. Then, leaning over, with my short-handled axe I cut a step sixteen or eighteen inches below, which on account of the sheerness of the wall was necessarily shallow. That step, however, was well made; its floor sloped slightly inward and formed a good hold for my heels. Then, slipping cautiously upon it, and crouching as low as possible, with my left side toward the wall, I steadied myself against the wind with my left hand in a slight notch, while with the right I cut other similar steps and notches in succession, guarding against losing balance by glinting of the axe, or by wind-gusts, for life and death were in every stroke and in the niceness of finish of every foothold.

After the end of the bridge was reached, I chipped it down until I had made a level platform six or eight inches wide; and it was a trying thing to poise on

this little slippery platform while bending over to get safely astride of the sliver. Crossing was then comparatively easy by chipping off the sharp edge with short, careful strokes, and hitching forward an inch or two at a time, keeping my balance with my knees pressed against the sides. The tremendous abyss on either hand I studiously ignored. To me the edge of that blue sliver was then all the world.

But the most trying part of the adventure, after working my way across inch by inch and chipping another small platform, was to rise from the safe position astride and to cut a step-ladder in the nearly vertical face of the wall,—chipping, climbing, holding on with feet and fingers in mere notches. At such times one's whole body is eye, and common skill and fortitude are replaced by power beyond our call or knowledge. Never before had I been so long under deadly strain. How I got up that cliff I never could tell. The thing seemed to have been done by somebody else.

I never have held death in contempt, though in the course of my explorations I have oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a noble mountain, or in the heart of a glacier, would be blessed as compared with death from disease, or from some shabby lowland accident. But the best death, quick and crystal-pure, set so glaringly open before us, is hard enough to face, even though we feel gratefully sure that we have already had happiness enough for a dozen lives.

But poor Stickeen, the wee, hairy, sleekit beastie, think of him! When I had decided to dare the bridge, and while I was on my knees chipping a hollow on the rounded brow above it, he came behind me, pushed his nose past my shoulder, looked down and across, scanned the sliver and its approaches with his mysterious eyes, then looked me in the face with a startled air of surprise and concern, and began to mutter and whine; saying as plainly as if speaking with words,—

“Surely, you are not going into that awful place.”

This was the first time I had seen him gaze deliberately into a crevasse, or into my face with an eager, speaking, troubled look. That he should have recognized and appreciated the danger at the first glance showed wonderful sagacity. Never before had the daring midget seemed to know that ice was slippery or that there was any such thing as danger anywhere. His looks and tones of voice when he began to complain and speak his fears were so human that I unconsciously talked to him in sympathy as I would to a frightened boy, and in trying to calm his fears perhaps in some measure moderated my own.

“Hush your fears, my boy,” I said, “we will get across safe, though it is not going to be easy. No right way is easy in this rough world. We must risk our lives to save them. At the worst we can only slip, and then how grand a grave we will have, and

by and by our nice bones will do good in the terminal moraine."

But my sermon was far from reassuring him: he began to cry, and after taking another piercing look at the tremendous gulf, ran away in desperate excitement, seeking some other crossing. By the time he got back, baffled, of course, I had made a step or two. I dared not look back, but he made himself heard; and when he saw that I was certainly bent on crossing, he cried aloud in despair. The danger was enough to daunt anybody, but it seems wonderful that he should have been able to weigh and appreciate it so justly. No mountaineer could have seen it more quickly or judged it more wisely, discriminating between real and apparent peril.

When I gained the other side, he screamed louder than ever; and after running back and forth in vain search for a way of escape, he would return to the brink of the crevasse above the bridge, moaning and wailing as if in the bitterness of death. Could this be the silent, philosophic Stickeen? I shouted encouragement, telling him the bridge was not so bad as it looked, that I had left it flat and safe for his feet, and he could walk it easily. But he was afraid to try. Strange so small an animal should be capable of such big, wise fears. I called again and again in a reassuring tone to come on and fear nothing; that he could come if he would only try. He would hush for a moment, look down again at the bridge, and

shout his unshakable conviction that he could never, never come that way; then lie back in despair, as if howling,—

“O-o-oh! what a place! No-o-o, I can never go-o-o down there!” His natural composure and courage had vanished utterly in a tumultuous storm of fear.

Had the danger been less, his distress would have seemed ridiculous. But in this dismal, merciless abyss lay the shadow of death, and his heartrending cries might well have called Heaven to his help. Perhaps they did. So hidden before, he was now transparent, and one could see the workings of his heart and mind like the movements of a clock out of its case. His voice and gestures, hopes and fears, were so perfectly human that none could mistake them; while he seemed to understand every word of mine.

I was troubled at the thought of having to leave him out all night, and of the danger of not finding him in the morning. It seemed impossible to get him to venture. To compel him to try through fear of being abandoned, I started off as if leaving him to his fate, and disappeared back of a hummock; but this did no good; he only lay down and moaned in utter hopeless misery. So, after hiding a few minutes, I went back to the brink of the crevasse and in a severe tone of voice shouted across to him that now I must certainly leave him, I could wait no

longer; and that, if he would not come, all I could promise was that I would return to seek him next day. I warned him that if he went back to the woods the wolves would kill him, and finished by urging him once more by words and gestures to come on, come on.

He knew very well what I meant; and at last, with the courage of despair, hushed and breathless, he crouched down on the brink in the hollow I had made for my knees, pressed his body against the ice as if trying to get the advantage of the friction of every hair, gazed into the first step, put his little feet together and slid them slowly, slowly over the edge and down into it, bunching all four in it and almost standing on his head. Then, without lifting his feet, as well as I could see through the snow, he slowly worked them over the edge of the step and down into the next and the next in succession in the same way, and gained the end of the bridge.

Then, lifting his feet with the regularity and slowness of the vibrations of a seconds pendulum, as if counting and measuring *one-two-three*, holding himself steady against the gusty wind, and giving separate attention to each little step, he gained the foot of the cliff, while I was on my knees leaning over to give him a lift, should he succeed in getting within reach of my arm. Here he halted in dead silence; and it was here I feared he might fail, for dogs are poor climbers.

I had no cord. If I had had one, I would have dropped a noose over his head and hauled him up. But while I was thinking whether an available cord might be made out of clothing, he was looking keenly into the series of notched steps and finger-holds I had made, as if counting them, and fixing the position of each one of them in his mind. Then suddenly up he came in a springy rush, hooking his paws into the steps and notches so quickly that I could not see how it was done, and whizzed past my head, safe at last!

And now came a scene!

“Well done, well done, little boy! Brave boy!” I cried, trying to catch and caress him; but he would not be caught.

Never before or since have I seen anything like so passionate a revulsion from the depths of despair to exultant, triumphant, uncontrollable joy. He flashed and darted hither and thither as if fairly demented, screaming and shouting, swirling round and round in giddy loops and circles like a leaf in a whirlwind, lying down, and rolling over and over, sidewise and heels over head, and pouring forth a tumultuous flood of hysterical cries and sobs and gasping mutterings. When I ran up to him to shake him, fearing he might die of joy, he flashed off two or three hundred yards, his feet in a mist of motion; then, turning suddenly, came back in a wild rush and launched himself at my face, almost knocking

me down, all the time screeching and screaming and shouting as if saying, "Saved! saved! saved!" Then away again, dropping suddenly at times with his feet in the air, trembling and fairly sobbing.

Such passionate emotion was enough to kill him. Moses's stately song of triumph after escaping the Egyptians and the Red Sea was nothing to it. Who could have guessed the capacity of the dull, enduring little fellow for all that most stirs this mortal frame? Nobody could have helped crying with him!

But there is nothing like work for toning down excessive fear or joy. So I ran ahead, calling him in as gruff a voice as I could command to come on and stop his nonsense, for we had far to go and it would soon be dark. Neither of us feared another trial like this. Heaven would surely count one enough for a lifetime. The ice ahead was gashed by thousands of crevasses, but they were common ones. The joy of deliverance burned in us like fire; and we ran without fatigue, every muscle with immense rebound glorying in its strength. Stickeen flew across everything in his way, and not till dark did he settle into his normal fox-like trot.

At last the cloudy mountains came in sight, and we soon felt the solid rock beneath our feet, and were safe. Then came weakness. Danger had vanished, and so had our strength. We tottered down the lateral moraine in the dark, over boulders and tree trunks, through the bushes and devil-club thick-

ets of the grove where we had sheltered ourselves in the morning, and across the level mud-slope of the terminal moraine.

We reached camp about ten o'clock, and found a big fire and a big supper. A party of Hoona Indians had visited Mr. Young, bringing a gift of porpoise meat and wild strawberries, and Hunter Joe had brought in a wild goat. But we lay down, too tired to eat much, and soon fell into a troubled sleep.

The man who said, "The harder the toil, the sweeter the rest," never was profoundly tired. Stickeen kept springing up and muttering in his sleep, no doubt dreaming that he was still on the brink of the crevasse; and so did I, that night and many others long afterward, when I was overtired.

Thereafter Stickeen was a changed dog. During the rest of the trip, instead of holding aloof, he always lay by my side, tried to keep me constantly in sight, and would hardly accept a morsel of food, however tempting, from any hand but mine. At night, when all was quiet about the camp-fire, he would come to me and rest his head on my knee with a look of devotion as if I were his god. And often, as he caught my eye, he seemed to be trying to say,—

"Wasn't that an awful time we had together on the glacier?"

## ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in the room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said,  
“ What writest thou ? ” The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, “ The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“ And is mine one ? ” said Adhem. “ Nay, not so,”  
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,  
But cheerly still, and said, “ I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote and vanished; the next night  
He came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed their names whom love of God had  
blessed.—  
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

## THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

PLINY THE YOUNGER

[The eruption described in these letters of Pliny the Younger to Tacitus is the one of 79 A.D., which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum.]

### FIRST LETTER

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance.

A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain, at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appear-



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

ance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

This phenomenon seemed, to a man of such learning and research as my uncle, extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out.

As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance.

He accordingly changed his first intention; and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then

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to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene.

He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones and black pieces of burning rock. They were in danger, too, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again, to which the pilot advising him,—

“Fortune,” said he, “favors the brave; steer to where Pomponianus is.”

Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a bay, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits, and, the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a

bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it.

Meanwhile, broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which, on account of his corpulence, was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside.

The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and

threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night, which, however, was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sailcloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor.

During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—but this has no connection with your history, and you did not desire any particulars besides those of my uncle's death; so I will end here. Farewell.

## SECOND LETTER

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum.

My uncle having left us, I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed that I had stopped behind), till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed, for many days before, a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea.

Though it was now morning; the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful. The buildings all around us tottered; and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger. We therefore resolved to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind dis-

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tracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out.

Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet lightning, but much larger.

Soon afterwards, the cloud began to descend and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreae and the promontory of Misenum. My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking

her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight.

The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud.

“Let us turn out of the highroad,” I said, “while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowds that are following us.”

We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights put out. You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or willfully invented. I remember some who declared that

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one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew rather lighter, and this we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable, though mighty, consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and

down heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we could receive some news of my uncle.

And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is not in the least worthy; and indeed you must put it down to your own request if it should appear not worth even the trouble of a letter. Farewell.

*Abridged.*

## ENCELADUS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under Mount Etna he lies,  
It is slumber, it is not death;  
For he struggles at times to arise,  
And above him the lurid skies  
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,  
The earth is heaped on his head;  
But the groans of his wild unrest,  
Though smothered and half suppressed,  
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
Are watching with eager eyes;  
They talk together and say,  
“ To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
Enceladus will arise!”

And the old gods, the austere  
Oppressors in their strength,  
Stand aghast and white with fear  
At the ominous sounds they hear,  
And tremble, and mutter, “ At length!”

Ah me ! for the land that is sown  
With the harvest of despair !  
Where the burning cinders, blown  
From the lips of the overthrown  
Enceladus, fill the air;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
Over vineyard and field and town,  
Whenever he starts and lifts  
His head through the blackened rifts  
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !  
'T is the glare of his awful eyes !  
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines  
Of Alps and of Apennines,  
“ Enceladus, arise !”

## THE COLONISTS

JOHN AIKIN AND ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

“Come,” said Mr. Barlow to his boys, “I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions, coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, A?”

A. I am a farmer, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Laborers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plow. There will be woods to clear and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Well, then, I shall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, sir.

MR. BARLOW. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, sir.

MR. BARLOW. True; but then you must bring with you a millwright for the purpose. As for millstones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, sir.

MR. BARLOW. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, sir.

MR. BARLOW. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the bye, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, sir.

MR. BARLOW. That's well. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys and hearths and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can

make bricks and burn lime, too, you will be still more useful.

E. I will try what I can do, sir.

MR. BARLOW. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

F. I am a shoemaker, sir.

MR. BARLOW. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them, like Eumæus in the *Odyssey*, out of a raw hide? For I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides, too.

MR. BARLOW. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Well — though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and botching, I hope; for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Then I engage you, too.

H. I am a weaver, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In

a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a silversmith and jeweler, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch making, too.

MR. BARLOW. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dresser, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Alas, what can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter or follow the plow the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dress for a ball, I assure you. Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a doctor, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are lively enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, sir.

MR. BARLOW. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favorite study with me, sir; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

MR. BARLOW. Then you will be a treasure to us, sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, sir, am a lawyer.

MR. BARLOW. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, sir.

MR. BARLOW. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue; and as soon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are to be hard-working plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at least. In the meantime, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony; and on Sunday you may read prayers to all those that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, sir.

MR. BARLOW. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, sir; will you have me ?

MR. BARLOW. We are a peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a Quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of *soldiers by trade.*

P. I am a gentleman, sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

MR. BARLOW. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, sir?

P. Oh, sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuse myself.

MR. BARLOW. But do you mean, sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my own eating, with a little bread and garden stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

## DAVID MAYDOLE, HAMMER-MAKER 65

MR. BARLOW. And pray, sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

MR. BARLOW. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman, truly! Well, sir, when we are ambitious of such a distinction, we will send for you.

## DAVID MAYDOLE, HAMMER-MAKER

JAMES PARTON

When a young man begins to think of making his fortune, his first notion usually is to go away from home to some very distant place. At present, the favorite spot is Colorado; awhile ago it was California; and old men remember when Buffalo was about as far west as the most enterprising person thought of venturing.

It is not always a foolish thing to go out into the world far beyond the parent nest, as the young birds do in midsummer. But I can tell you, boys, from actual inquiry, that a great number of the most important and famous business men of the United States struck down roots where they were first planted, and where no one supposed there was room or chance for any large thing to grow.

I will tell you a story of one of these men, as

## 66 DAVID MAYDOLE, HAMMER-MAKER

I heard it from his own lips some time ago, in a beautiful village where I lectured.

He was an old man then; and a curious thing about him was that, although he was too deaf to hear one word of a public address, even of the loudest speaker, he not only attended church every Sunday, but was rarely absent when a lecture was delivered. While I was performing on that occasion, I saw him sitting just in front of the platform, sleeping the sleep of the just till the last word was uttered.

Upon being introduced to this old gentleman in his office, and learning that his business was to make hammers, I was at a loss for a subject of conversation, as it never occurred to me that there was anything to be said about hammers. I have generally possessed a hammer, and frequently inflicted damage on my fingers therewith, but I had supposed that a hammer was simply a hammer, and that hammers were very much alike. At last I said,—

“And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole?” You may have noticed the name of David Maydole upon hammers. He is the man.

“Yes,” said he, “I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years.”

“Well, then,” said I, shouting in his best ear, “by this time you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer.”

“No, I can’t,” was his reply. “I can’t make a

pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer that 's made."

That was strong language. I thought, at first, he meant it as a joke; but I soon found it was no joke at all. He had made hammers the study of his life-time; and, after many years of thoughtful and laborious experiment, he had actually produced an article to which, with all his knowledge and experience, he could suggest no improvement.

I was astonished to discover how many points there are about an instrument which I had always supposed a very simple thing. I was surprised to learn in how many ways a hammer can be bad. But, first, let me tell you how he came to think of hammers.

There he was, forty years ago, in a small village of the State of New York; no railroad yet, and even the Erie Canal many miles distant. He was the village blacksmith, his establishment consisting of himself and a boy to blow the bellows.

. He was a good deal troubled with his hammers. Sometimes the heads would fly off. If the metal was too soft, the hammer would spread out and wear away; if it was too hard, it would split. At that time blacksmiths made their own hammers, and he knew very little about mixing ores so as to produce the toughest iron. But he was particularly troubled with the hammer getting off the handle, a mishap which could be dangerous as well as inconvenient.

At this point of his narrative the old gentleman

showed a number of old hammers, such as were in use before he began to improve the instrument; and it was plain that men had tried very hard before him to overcome this difficulty. One hammer had an iron rod running down through the handle with a nut screwed on at the end. Another was wholly composed of iron, the head and handle being all of one piece. There were various other devices, some of which were exceedingly clumsy and awkward.

At last he hit upon an improvement which led to his being able to put a hammer upon a handle in such a way that it would stay there. He made what is called an adze-handled hammer, the head being attached to the handle after the manner of an adze. The improvement consists in merely making *a longer hole* for the handle to go into, by which device it has a much firmer hold of the head, and can easily be made extremely tight. With this improvement, if the handle is well seasoned and well wedged, there is no danger of the head flying off.

He made some other changes, all of them merely for his own convenience, without a thought of going into the manufacture of hammers. The neighborhood in which he lived would have scarcely required half a dozen new hammers per annum. But one day there came to the village six carpenters to work upon a new church; and one of these men, having left his hammer at home, came to David Maydole's blacksmith's shop to get one made.

“Make me as good a hammer,” said the carpenter, “as you know how.”

That was touching David upon a tender place.

“As good a one as I know how?” said he. “But perhaps you don’t want to pay for as good a one as I know how to make.”

“Yes, I do,” replied the man; “I want a good hammer.”

The blacksmith made him one of his best. It was probably the best hammer that had ever been made in the world, since it contained two or three important improvements never before combined in the instrument.

The carpenter was delighted with it and showed it, with a good deal of exultation, to his five companions, every man of whom came the next day to the shop and wanted one just like it. They did not understand all the blacksmith’s notions about tempering and mixing the metals, but they saw at a glance that the head and the handle were so united that there never was likely to be any divorce between them. To a carpenter building a wooden house, the mere removal of that one defect was a boon beyond price; he could hammer away with confidence, and without fear of seeing the head of his hammer leap into the next field, unless stopped by a comrade’s head.

When all the six carpenters had been supplied with these improved hammers, the contractor came

## 70 DAVID MAYDOLE, HAMMER-MAKER

and ordered two more. He seemed to think, and, in fact, said as much, that the blacksmith ought to make *his* hammers a little better than those he had made for the men.

“I can’t make any better ones,” said honest David. “When I make a thing, I make it as well as I can, no matter whom it’s for.”

Soon after, the storekeeper of the village, seeing what excellent hammers these were, gave the blacksmith a magnificent order for two dozen, which, in due time, were placed upon his counter for sale.

At this time something happened to David Maydole which may fairly be called good luck; and you will generally notice events of the kind in the lives of meritorious men. “Fortune favors the brave,” is an old saying; and good luck in business is very apt to befall the man who could do very well without it.

It so happened that a New York dealer in tools happened to be in the village getting orders for tools. As soon as his eye fell upon those hammers, he saw their merits, and bought them all. He did more. He left a standing order for as many hammers of that kind as David Maydole could make.

That was the beginning. The young blacksmith hired a man or two, then more men, and made more hammers, and kept on making hammers during the whole of his active life, employing at last a hundred and fifteen men.

During the first twenty years he was frequently

experimenting with a view to improve the hammer. He discovered just the best combination of ores to make his hammers hard enough, without being too hard. He gradually found out precisely the best form of every part. There is not a turn or curve about either the handle or the head which has not been patiently considered, and reconsidered, and considered again, until no further improvement seemed possible. Every handle is seasoned three years, or until there is no shrink left in it.

Perhaps the most important discovery which he made was that a perfect tool cannot be made by machinery. Naturally, his first thought, when he found his business increasing, was to apply machinery to the manufacture, and for some years several parts of the process were thus performed. Gradually, his machines were discarded; and for many years before his retirement, every portion of the work was done by hand.

Each hammer is hammered out from a piece of iron, and is tempered over a slow charcoal fire, under the inspection of an experienced man. He looks as though he were cooking his hammers on a charcoal furnace, and he watches them until the process is complete, as a cook watches mutton chops.

I heard some curious things about the management of this business. The founder never did anything to "push" it. He never advertised. He never reduced the price of his hammers because other man-

ufacturers were doing so. His only care, he said, had been to make a perfect hammer, to make just as many of them as people wanted, and *no more*, and to sell them at a fair price. If people did not want his hammers, he did not want to make them. If they did not want to pay what they were worth, they were welcome to buy cheaper ones of some one else.

For his own part, his wants were few, and he was ready at any time to go back to his blacksmith's shop.

The old gentleman concluded his interesting narration by making me a present of one of his hammers, which I now cherish among my treasures.

If it had been a picture, I should have had it framed and hung up over my desk, a perpetual admonition to me to do my work well; not too fast; not too much of it; not with any showy false polish; not letting anything go till I had done all I could to make it what it should be.

In telling this little story, I have told thousands of stories. Take the word *hammer* out of it, and put *glue* in its place, and you have the history of Peter Cooper. By putting in other words, you can make the true history of every great business in the world which has lasted thirty years.

The true "protective system," of which we hear so much, is *to make the best article*; and he who does this need not buy a ticket for Colorado.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travelers, in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In springtime from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ? —  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?

## IN THE FACTORY

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

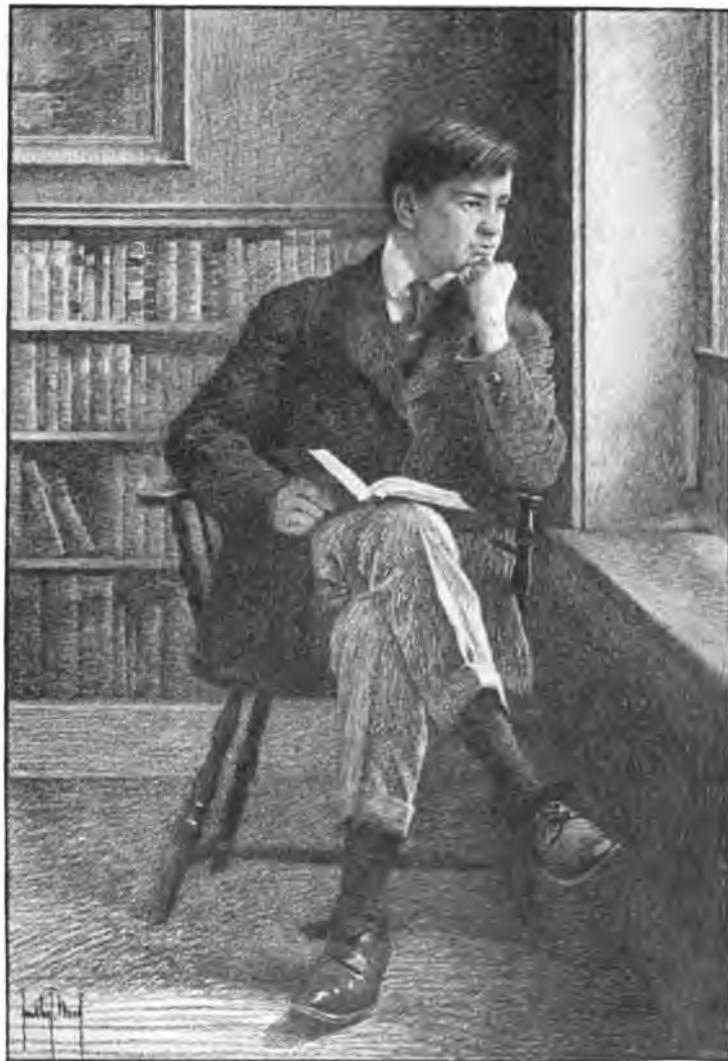
Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

## IN THE FACTORY

HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON

“All right, Dick,” said his father, “if you don’t want to go to school and study, you needn’t. Try work and see how you like it.”

And that was why Dick, sixteen years old, happened to be one of the helpers in the grinding room of a rubber factory. If the truth may be told, after the first week he did not like it very well. The great steam-heated rolls of the mixing mills, between which the rubber was forced, were exceedingly hot; so was the room. The clatter of the mighty gears running in their pinions drowned everything but the loudest shout; while the dust of whiting, litharge, and sulphur, as it was forced into the softening rubber, kept the air dense and stifling.



DICK DECIDES TO GIVE UP SCHOOL

He did not tell anyone that it was not all fun and that the superintendent, who had orders to "keep him busy," saw to it that he did not have an idle moment. But the machines fascinated him. They were so huge, so resistless as they crushed and sheeted the quivering blocks of tough gum. Dangerous, too, they were; and he shivered over the tales the grinding-room gang told of men who had been caught and crushed.

Then one day as he paused in front of a three-roll sheeter, Big Jim, who was "tending" it, slipped, the front of his heavy jumper caught, and he was being drawn swiftly into the machine. How the boy did it he never knew. But catching a shifting bar, he threw it between the swiftly moving cogs of the driving gear and its pinion. There followed a series of crashing reports like cannon shots, as tooth after tooth broke and the machine stopped.

Half an hour later Dick, rather pale and shaken, was seated in the President's office, not knowing whether he was to be punished or rewarded — punished for breaking a machine that cost thousands of dollars or rewarded for saving Big Jim.

"Your father tells me that you don't like to go to school," said the President quietly, ignoring the accident.

"No, sir," said Dick.

"And you want to learn the rubber business?"

"Yes, sir."

“All right, let us figure it out now. In the first place, you wish to work rather than study, so that you can have a horse, an automobile, guns, fishing-tackle, and money enough to travel and see the world?”

“Yes, sir,” said Dick, his eyes sparkling.

“All right. Now, if you stay in the grinding room, as Big Jim has all his life, you would earn not more than two dollars a day. It would take a long time to buy an automobile on that, would n’t it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So you see you must have your eye on one of the better positions. Let’s find out what they are.”

The President produced five blue cards. On one of them he wrote Rubber Chemist; on another, Rubber Mechanical Engineer; on the third, Rubber Superintendent; on the fourth, Rubber Merchant; on the fifth, Purchasing Agent. Spreading these out on the table he said, —

“Now each of these positions brings the man that fills it anywhere from \$3000 to \$10,000 a year. His assistants get half as much. You can have any one of these positions just as soon as you are fitted for it; if not in this factory, in some one of the hundreds of other big rubber factories in this country or Europe. Before you select, let me tell you what you must know.

“If you choose the first card and decide to be a Rubber Chemist, you must know all about the thousands of grades of rubber and compounding ingredi-

ents — oils, acids, alkalines, solvents, etc.; so you 'll have to take a thorough course in chemistry, and that means school, does n't it?"

"A fellow can study at home," said Dick, argumentatively.

"Right you are," said the President, genially; "let 's cut the chemist out for a while.

"Suppose we think of the Mechanical Engineer! He must know all about machinery — how to build it, repair it, set it; all about stresses and strains; much about metals. In fact, to be really good he ought to have a course in mechanical engineering, and here we are again right up against that tiresome school. Let 's lay this mechanical engineer aside, shall we ?"

Dick said nothing, and the President took up another card.

"Rubber Merchant,— that means the man that sells the goods, and he should be well prepared. He must be able to write a good letter, to know business law and accounts, and should know something of banking. He ought to have an idea of commercial geography and of tariffs. But this won't do; it 's driving us right into a commercial college!

"Let 's analyze the Superintendent. If it was twenty years ago, you could stay right in this mill and learn how we do things, and if you were able to handle men you might rise to the superintendency. But we are getting fussy. We want our "Super" to-day to know something of chemistry, considerable

of mechanical engineering, somewhat of merchandising, and a lot about buying. In fact, we are taking on young men from technical schools to work into such positions. School seems to pop up everywhere, does n't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dick, faintly.

"Then there is the Purchasing Agent. His is a hard job. He must know all the materials we use in rubber; fabrics, ingredients, the firms that supply them, and what the markets of the world are. He needs about as broad an education as any one of the others, and a lot of judgment besides. He should have some school, should n't he?"

"I don't mind studying if it is something that will help," said Dick, desperately. "But I hate Latin, and — and —"

"So did I," was the hearty answer. "But I am glad they kept me at it, now. It helps a lot. Say, let's hit on a compromise. You pick out the line you wish to follow. Work here this summer and learn all you can. I'll help you. Then this fall jump into whatever school covers the line you wish to master. Carefully learn what is necessary, and your job will be waiting for you here — a bigger, better one than you can get any other way."

"Can I choose now?" said Dick, full of excitement.

"Surely," was the answer.

So the President spread out the cards, and Dick selected — which one?

## THE HISTORIES OF TWO BOYS

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Emerson prefaced his essay on "Compensation" with the remark that he always wanted to write upon that subject. There is a true story on compensation from the salary view-point that I have always wanted to write, and now I am going to do it. The two young men to whom the story refers were schoolboy friends of mine. I know the facts in the case of each and can tell the story with exactitude.

These two boys may be called Smith and Brown. They were graduated in the same year from the same high school. They had been chums, more or less, for years, and decided to start in the turmoil of life in the same business house, if possible. Positions were secured in the same large dry-goods store. More than that, both young men were assigned to work as tyro salesmen behind the lace counter.

"This is n't much of a place," remarked Brown, rather dubiously.

"T is not a bad place," returned Smith, consolingly, "and we're getting five dollars a week to start with. Not very bad pay for boys!"

There were long hours to be served, and the work was hard. There were many impatient customers to be waited upon. As both boys lived some twenty

minutes' walk from the store, they walked home together in the evening.

"Pretty slow life, this!" grumbled Brown.  
"Think of the pay we're getting."

"It's not bad for youngsters," rejoined Smith.  
"It might be worse."

Neither boy had any living expense to pay, save for noonday luncheon and laundry. Smith brought his luncheon; Brown did not. Smith began a bank account; Brown went to dances as often as he could afford the money. He soon found other pastimes, of evenings, that absorbed all his money and what he could borrow from his father. Naturally the two boys began to drift apart, except for that little evening walk home. Brown began to grumble at what he termed the slowness of promotion.

"It will come all right," returned Smith, "if we work for it."

At the end of the first year Brown observed,—

"I guess you're right. My pay has been raised a dollar a week. A fine return for hard work, is n't it? Did you get a raise?"

"Yes; I've been raised to seven."

Brown whistled his amazement, looked thoughtful for a few moments, and then blurted out,—

"That's a sample of the favoritism that goes on in the business world. Whom did you get on the right side of?"

"I don't know," answered Smith, and he told the truth.

"I'm going to find out about this," grumbled the other boy, and he did. The department manager supplied the information. While both boys had done everything of a routine nature that was required of them, it had been noticed that Smith was always more anxious to please customers in all the ways possible to a salesman.

But the matter rankled in Brown's mind. He was brooding over the thing one day when a woman customer approached the lace counter and inquired for a certain make of lace.

"Sorry; have n't got it," said Brown, briefly.

In a second, Smith was at his side, whispering,—  
"Jack, you 'll find it on the third lower shelf down."

Turning, Brown went to the shelf indicated, found the goods, produced them, and made a sale. As soon as the customer departed, the manager, who had been looking on, stepped up and asked,—

"Brown, why don't you learn to know your goods?"

"I can't remember everything, sir."

"Smith seems to be able to do so," said the department manager, as he moved away.

That remark about knowing one's goods stuck deep in the mind of the listening Smith. He had already a very good knowledge of the laces that he

had to sell, but he went to the department manager and said,—

“I would like your permission to cut a small sample from every one of the laces in the department.”

“What do you want of them?”

“I want to take the samples home and study them evenings. I want, if possible, to become so familiar with every make and pattern of lace that I could tell it by touch in the dark.”

“Take the samples,” was the brief reply.

After a few weeks of patient study, aided by the use of a microscope, Smith discovered that he knew three times as much about laces as he had ever expected to know. Out of his savings he bought a powerful hand magnifying glass which he carried with him daily to the store. By degrees he became able to demonstrate to customers the relative values of the different laces. The department manager looked on approvingly and added all the information in his power.

At the end of the second year Brown's salary remained at six dollars. Smith's pay had been increased to ten.

“Favoritism!” snapped Brown. “I wonder, Fred, why the manager can't see anything in me. I work as hard as you do.”

“Not in the evenings,” was the quiet answer. “I spend most of my evening time studying the laces.

Why don't you do the same? You're a good fellow, and willing. Come up to the house with me to-night, and after supper I'll show you some of the things I've been studying."

"Can't do it," replied Brown; "got an engagement."

There was an evening high school course in chemistry. Deciding that he knew as much as he was able to learn about the fibers of every kind of lace sold in the store, Smith decided to take up chemistry in the hope that he could learn something more about laces. The course was elementary, but he applied himself with so much diligence that the professor soon began to take an especial interest in him. Then the young man explained what he wanted most to learn.

"Stop a few minutes every evening after the class is dismissed," advised the professor. "Bring samples of your laces with you, and I'll see what help I can give you."

All through the winter, Smith toiled away at chemistry. He learned how to make tests of the lace fibers that were impossible with the microscope alone. One day a lot of samples of laces came in from abroad. Some of these the young man, after using his glass, considered spurious. He took them home that evening and applied the chemical tests. The next morning he reported to the department manager, a successor to the one under whom he had

first been employed, that the samples were of spurious goods.

“Why don’t you mind your own business?” was the irritable retort; “these samples are all right.”

But Smith, saying nothing, went to the superintendent and made a statement of what he had discovered.

“How on earth do you know this?” demanded the young man’s superior.

“Professor Moeckmann has been instructing me in chemical tests of thread fibers for several months.”

“I’ll think this matter over,” said the superintendent, briefly. He did, even to the extent of communicating with the professor. The result was that the new department manager was dismissed, and Smith, after some urging, took his place, at a comparatively low beginning salary of thirty dollars a week. Brown, who was now receiving eight dollars a week, had begun to feel a positive dislike for his more successful friend.

Three more years went by. Smith drew forty-five dollars a week, while his erstwhile friend had gone up to ten. The buyer for the lace department, who had grown old and wished to retire, was about to make his last trip to Ireland and France for laces. He requested that Smith should go with him.

“You always have been lucky,” growled Brown, when he heard the news. “You’re off for a fine trip

abroad, with all expenses paid, and I suppose you 're going to have your salary raised ? "

" Pitch in and study, Jack," whispered Smith. " I've three days yet before I sail. Come around, and I 'll get you started."

" Sorry, but I can 't, old fellow. I've got engagements for every night this week."

Two months later Smith returned to the store, strolled through it, and went up to the lace counter.

Brown stood there, looking most disconsolate. His face brightened up, however, as he saw his friend approaching.

" Fred," he whispered, excitedly, " I guess you can do me a big favor. I've been discharged. The fellow they put in your place has told me I 'm through Saturday. Said a man who had been here so long and who was only worth ten dollars a week was n 't worth keeping. I suppose, though," — enviously, — " you 've had another raise of pay? "

" Yes, Mr. Stallman, the foreign lace buyer, has retired, and I 've been put in his place. I 'm to begin with four thousand a year and traveling expenses."

Brown threw up his hands in a gesture that expressed a variety of emotions.

" Favoritism!" he muttered, scowling at the ceiling.

## OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—  
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by  
foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, “Had I a sword of keener steel—  
That blue blade that the king's son bears,— but this  
Blunt thing —!” he snapt and flung it from his hand,  
And lowering crept away and left the field.  
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

## POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

## I. WHAT IT WAS

In Franklin's lifetime the almanac was the most popular form of literature in America. A few people read newspapers, but every farmer who could read at all had an almanac hanging by the fireplace. Besides the monthly calendar and movements of the heavenly bodies, the almanac contained anecdotes, scraps of useful information, and odds and ends of literature. Franklin began the publication of such an almanac in 1732, pretending that it was written by one Richard Saunders. It was published annually for twenty-five years.

"I endeavored," says Franklin, "to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing

*Poor Richard, 1733.*

A N

# Almanack

For the Year of Christ

1733,

Being the First after LEAP YEAR:

<i>And makes since the Creation</i>	<i>Years</i>
By the Account of the Eastern Greeks	7241
By the Latin Church, when $\odot$ ent. $\gamma$	6932
By the Computation of <i>WW.</i>	5742
By the <i>Roman</i> Chronology	5682
By the <i>Jewish</i> Rabbies	5494

*Wherein is contained*

The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and observable Days.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours West from *London*, but may without sensible Error, serve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South-Carolina*.

By *RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.*

**P H I L A D E L P H I A:**

Printed and sold by *B. FRANKLIN*, at the New Printing Office near the Market.

*The Third Impression.*

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK" FOR 1733

virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, '*it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*' ”

In the almanac Franklin introduced his proverbs by the phrase “Poor Richard says,” as if he were quoting from Richard Saunders, and so the almanac came to be called “Poor Richard’s Almanac.”

“These proverbs,” he continues, “which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the Almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the continent [that is, the American continent]; reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.”

Franklin’s example was followed by other writers, —Noah Webster, the maker of dictionaries, among them; and one can see in the popular almanacs of

to-day, such as "The Old Farmer's Almanac," the effect of Franklin's style. When the King of France gave Captain Paul Jones a ship with which to make attacks upon British merchantmen in the war for Independence, it was named, out of compliment to Franklin, the *Bon Homme Richard*, which might be translated Clever Richard. The address that follows is part of that prefixed to the Almanac of 1757.

## II. INTRODUCTION TO THE ALMANAC OF 1757

### COURTEOUS READER:—

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks,—

"Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

Father Abraham stood up and replied,—

"If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, and *Many*

*words won't fill a bushel*, as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

Friends, says he, and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says in his Almanac of 1733.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing; with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says.

If time be of all things the most precious, *wasting of time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *lost time is never found again*; and what we call *time enough!* *always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy*, as Poor Richard says; and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him*, as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, *Drive thy business! let not that drive thee!* and—

Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish*, as Poor Richard says, and *He that lives on hope will die fasting*. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, *One to-day is worth two to-morrows*; and farther, *Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!*

If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle*, as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country,

and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! *Let not the sun look down and say, "Inglorious here he lies!"* Handle your tools without mittens! remember that *The cat in gloves catches no mice!* as Poor Richard says.

'T is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for *Constant dropping wears away stones*; and *By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable*; and *Little strokes fell great oaks*; as Poor Richard says in his Almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure*; and *Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour!* Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things*. Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as Poor Richard says, *Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease*, whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect.

Now I have a sheep and a cow,  
Everybody bids me good morrow.

All which is well said by Poor Richard.

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. *A man may*, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *keep his nose all his life to the grind-stone, and die not worth a groat at last.* *A fat kitchen makes a lean will*, as Poor Richard says; and —

Many estates are spent in the getting,  
Since woman for tea forsook spinning and knitting,  
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, says he in another Almanac, *Think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich; because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.*

Away, then, with your expensive follies. Remember what Poor Richard says, *Many a little makes a mickle*; and further, *Beware of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great ship*, and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.* And again, *At a great penny-worth pause a while.* He means, that perhaps the

cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.*

Again, Poor Richard says, *'T is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at vendues for want of minding the Almanac. *Wise men,* as Poor Richard says, *learn by others' harms; Fools, scarcely by their own.*

*Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets,* as Poor Richard says, *put out the kitchen fire.* These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as Poor Dick says, *For one poor person there are a hundred indigent.*

*If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some;* for *He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing,* and indeed so does he that lends to such people, *when he goes to get it in again.*

Poor Dick further advises, and says,—

Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse,  
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says,

*'T is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. And 't is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.*

But what madness must it be to *run into debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this vendue, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt: *You give to another power over your liberty.* If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to *see* or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *'T is hard for an empty bag to stand upright!* as Poor Richard truly says.

And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;* for it is true, *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,* as Poor Richard says. However, remember this, *They that won't be counseled, can't be helped,* as Poor Richard says; and further, that, *If you will not hear reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles.*

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions, and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of five-and-twenty years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, *thy* profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7, 1757.

## PLANT A TREE

LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree  
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;  
Leaves unfold into horizons free.

So man's life must climb  
From the clods of time  
Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,  
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree  
Plants a joy;

Plants a comfort that will never cloy;  
Every day a fresh reality,  
Beautiful and strong,  
To whose shelter throng  
Creatures blithe with song.

If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,  
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree, —  
He plants a peace.

Under its green curtains jargons cease.

Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;  
Shadows soft with sleep  
Down tired eyelids creep,  
Balm of slumber deep.

Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,  
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree, —  
He plants youth;  
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;  
Life of time, that hints eternity !  
Boughs their strength uprear;  
New shoots, every year,  
On old growths appear;  
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,  
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree, —  
He plants love;  
Tents of coolness spreading out above  
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.  
Gifts that grow are best;  
Hands that bless are blest;  
Plant ! life does the rest !  
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,  
And his work its own reward shall be.

## OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

When I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own unaccountable taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage—a newly married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious rea-

sons I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advances toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loneliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chances to be the most enchanting bit of unlaced disheveled country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover can be reached in half an hour's ride by railroad. But the nearest railroad station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would break the charm.

The village — it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it — has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel in Ponkapog Pond. Along the Old Bay Road, a highway even in the colonial days, there are a number of attractive villas and cottages straggling off towards Milton, which are occupied for the summer by persons from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and

the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house, and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

"Are you not going to call on them?" I asked my wife one morning.

"When they call on *us*," she replied lightly.

"But it is our place to call first, they being strangers."

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "Not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office — where *he* was never to be met with by any chance — and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; may be they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrowheads and flint hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the ploughshare has not

turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain — an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crowd, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a state pensioner. At that period she appears to have struck a trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I quote from the local historiographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen-garden, or emulating Professor Schliemann at Mycenæ, the new-comers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a contralto voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an arietta, conjecturally at some window upstairs, for the house was not visible from the turnpike. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, however, of having done

anything unlawful; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet, —

It is a joy to *think* the best  
We may of human kind.

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them — that is an enigma apart — but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description, was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village — an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which, I advertise it gratis, can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a hand-saw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their *ménage* to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations — persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate (our neighbors did own their house), they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and

skilful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in "David Copperfield," who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's sawmill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to formulate uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *meum* and *tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with

whom we were on visiting terms, for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was—well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of something bright at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view of Norfolk County combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by, it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician from Canton or from Milton, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large allopathic sorrel horse, nor the gig with the homeopathic white mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge

of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power, but the memory of the repulse I had sustained still rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

“You know the old elm down the road?” cried one.

“Yes.”

“The elm with the hang-bird’s nest?” shrieked the other.

“Yes, yes — the Baltimore oriole.”

“Well, we both just climbed up, and there’s three young ones in it!”

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

## THE MARINER'S FAREWELL

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

“O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely ’t was, that God himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'T is sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!”—

“To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

*From “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.”*



*From the painting by F. S. Cary, 1834.*

**MARY AND CHARLES LAMB**

*Charles Lamb*

## PART II. STUDY OF AUTHORS

### CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

When you have taken in your hand the “Tales from Shakespeare” and read below the title “Charles and Mary Lamb,” have you known that these two names make a story in themselves? In their Preface to those charming Tales, the writers wish that they may be to you now — and, much more, the true Plays of Shakespeare when you are older — “enrichers of the fancy” and “a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.” And perhaps this story of Charles and Mary Lamb may seem to you as true an example of such kindness and charm.

Mary Lamb and her younger brother Charles were born in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the City of London; and in one of the very oldest and quaintest parts of London — the Temple. This was a large property that had been the stronghold of the Knights Templars back in the days of the Crusades; but it had long since been turned over to the uses of lawyers, who might lodge and practice there. In one of the halls of the Temple, in the year 1602, Shakespeare’s “Twelfth Night” had been acted as a Twelfth Night revel — its first presentation, so far

as we know, and directed perhaps by Shakespeare himself. So the Temple was quite the right atmosphere for Charles and Mary Lamb to be born in—as happened because their father was then servant and clerk to a Bencher, or lawyer, residing there. There, too, they spent their childhood; and when they were grown they came back to it, and for many years had lodgings in the Temple lanes. It was all an abiding delight to them—the cloistered courts, the fountain, the gardens and walks; the old church and graveyard in their midst; the broad Thames flowing by on one side, and the life of London along busy Fleet Street on the other.

How they both loved London! Charles Lamb could never be quite happy away from it. He could not learn to like new places or new things; he loved whatever he had grown up with—his home, his school, his books, his friends. And these were the things he wrote about.

When Charles Lamb was a boy, there stood within walking distance from the Temple, what had once been the monastery of the Grey Friars. No grey-cowled monks had paced its cloisters for some three hundred years. Instead, a crowd of boys in yellow stockings, long blue cassocks, and red leather belts, played ball in the paved quadrangle, or declaimed their Greek and Latin up and down the cloister walks. It was a charity school; Christ's Hospital, as it was called. King Edward the Sixth had estab-

lished it for poor boys of good family. So when little Charles Lamb came there to be "clothed," he must have felt it a great privilege to be allowed to join the Blue Coat Boys. Certain it is that he never outgrew his fondness for the old school; and years afterward he wrote delightfully his recollections of it. One of the happiest was of the beginning of his long friendship with Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Mary Lamb had been only to a small school in the Temple. In the "Essays of Elia," where Lamb calls her his cousin, Bridget Elia, he says of her: —

"Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasture. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids."

The "spacious closet" was the little book room of their father's employer, the Temple lawyer; and the good old books they found there fixed their taste, and their habit of expressing themselves in the clear, beautiful, and somewhat old-fashioned style for which they were noted in their time, as they are still.

When Charles Lamb at fifteen left Christ's Hospital to enter business, his sister, who was ten years older, was supporting herself at home by dressmaking. Their parents were aging fast: their mother was an invalid; their father was on the verge of a mental breakdown. There was an inheritance of insanity in his side of the family, and Charles Lamb himself was a sufferer from it for a few months, once — it was during the winter of his twenty-first year. A year later, Mary Lamb — perhaps because she had been overstrained by work and anxiety — became one evening violently insane; she killed her mother and wounded her father. She was taken at once to an asylum and the illness soon passed by; but she did not return to the old scenes again.

The next year, after their father's death, Lamb moved to new lodgings where his "poor, dear, dearest sister," could be with him; and from that time they began to live what he called their "double singleness," and what their dear friend Wordsworth named their "dual unity." Neither felt complete without the other. He looked up to her good judgment and gentle tact; she delighted in his wit and humor; and together they drew around them, little by little, a circle of distinguished friends — the poets Coleridge and Wordsworth, Robert Southey and Leigh Hunt, among the first. "He is brilliant as a Wednesday-man," Mary Lamb would comment of some one of their acquaintance, meaning

that he had an originality about him that made him a welcome guest on their Wednesday evenings at home. Charles Lamb was never tired of praising his sister. "I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory," he wrote — he could write so many tender things of her under that disguise of "Elia." And Mary Lamb in her turn praised his "goodness," his kindness for everyone, his never-ending sacrifices for her sake. "He has shut out all his friends," she writes, "because he thought company hurt me, and done everything in his power to comfort and amuse me." That is the sad, the very sad, part of this story — that Mary Lamb was never safe from a return of her trouble. After any excitement or anxiety, her reason might be clouded over, so that for weeks, and, as the years went on, for months together, she would have to live apart, either in an asylum or with a private nurse. "It cuts sad great slices out of the time, the little time we shall have to live together," Lamb wrote to a friend, from his lonely hearth. ". . . But I won't talk of death. I will imagine us immortal, or forget that we are otherwise. By God's blessing, in a few weeks we may be making our meal together, or sitting in the front row of the pit at Drury Lane, or taking our evening walk past the Theaters, to look at the outside of them, at least, if not to be tempted in. Then we forget we are assailable; we are strong for the time as rocks — 'the wind is tempered to

the shorn Lambs.’’ Mary Lamb, despite her increasing illness, outlived her brother by more than twelve years. When he died in 1834, their friend Cary left unfinished the portrait for which they had from time to time been posing. It is the only authentic likeness of Mary Lamb, and therefore, of course, the only portrait of them both.

It was in the earlier part of their life together that they wrote the ‘‘Tales from Shakespeare.’’ From letters of the one and the other, we see how the scheme progressed:—

“ She [Mary] says you saw her writings about the other day, and she wishes you should know what they are. She is doing for Godwin’s bookseller twenty of Shakespeare’s plays, to be made into children’s tales. Six are already done by her; to wit, ‘The Tempest,’ ‘Winter’s Tale,’ ‘Midsummer Night,’ ‘Much Ado,’ ‘Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ and ‘Cymbeline’; and the ‘Merchant of Venice’ is in forwardness. I have done ‘Othello’ and ‘Macbeth,’ and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It’s to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you’d think.”

And Mary writes,—

“ My Tales are to be published in separate story books; I mean, in single stories, like the children’s little shilling books. . . . Charles has written ‘Macbeth,’ ‘Othello,’ ‘King Lear,’ and has begun ‘Ham-

let'; you would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; or, rather, like an old literary Darby and Joan: I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it."

And Charles again,—this time to Wordsworth,—

"Mary is just stuck fast in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boy's clothes. She began to think Shakespeare must have wanted Imagination. I to encourage her . . . flatter her with telling her how well such a play and such a play is done. But she is stuck fast, and I have been obliged to promise to assist her. To do this it will be necessary to leave off Tobacco."

And when the Tales are all published together, he writes,—

"I am answerable for 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Timon,' 'Romeo,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello'; for occasionally a tail-piece or correction of grammar; for none of the cuts [illustrations] and all of the spelling. The rest is my sister's."

"I have been busy making waistcoats, and plotting new work to succeed the Tales," writes Mary Lamb about the same time; "as yet I have not hit upon anything to my mind." But she very soon did, and

so did her brother. They wrote more stories and verses for children, and Charles Lamb wrote a novel and some plays, and first called the attention of the public to some fine old forgotten plays of Shakespeare's time. He would have liked to write for the theater better than anything else. But evidently he was not meant to be a playwright, and he was forty-five years old before he found out what he was meant to be. The "Essays of Elia" answered that.

Why "Elia"? When Charles Lamb was asked by "The London Magazine" to write something chatty and personal, he bethought himself of the odd people he used to see around him in the South Sea House, the offices of the big trading company where he had clerked for a few months after leaving school, and where his elder brother John (it is John Lamb's fault that he has no better part in this story, since he chose to shirk all family responsibility and live a life of ease by himself) — where his brother John held a good position. As he did not wish to talk about these people in his own person, he took, half as a joke, the name of a former clerk there, Elia. But on going to seek Elia, to laugh with him at the joke of it, he found that he had long since died. So he kept the name. Under that name, he wrote most charming chatty essays about familiar places and people, and a great deal about his sister, — dubbed "Bridget," — and a great deal about himself, even to his particular delight in roast pig.

While Elia was writing the last of his essays, there was a young man in London who was beginning to write very keen observations with Elia's own April touch of smiles and tears. But we do not know that Charles Lamb and Charles Dickens ever met.

Lamb laughed at the two volumes "pompously christened his Works," as he said, in a little obituary of himself that he wrote in fun, adding, "tho' in fact they were his Recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred Folios,"—referring to the big ledgers in the accounting department of the East India Company, where he had been a faithful clerk for thirty-three years, and from which he had been retired on a pension. In this same little sketch he describes himself as "below the middle stature . . . stammers abominably . . . a small eater but not drinker . . . was a fierce smoker of Tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff." That was the worst that could be said of him. Another, writing of him, would have spoken of his rare sweet smile, and his brave tender heart, that wrote themselves into his books and made the name of "Elia" loved.

One last glimpse of them we will take in this pretty letter of Mary Lamb's, that shows, too, what a wise and kindly and tactful little woman she was in her own true right, and what a charming letter can be written about simple, homely things:—

November 2, 1814.

To Miss Barbara Betham.

It is very long since I have met with such an agreeable surprise as the sight of your letter, my kind young friend, afforded me. Such a nice letter as it is too. And what a pretty hand you write. I congratulate you on this attainment with great pleasure, because I have so often felt the disadvantage of my own wretched handwriting.

You wish for London news. I rely upon your sister Ann for gratifying you in this respect, yet I have been endeavoring to recollect whom you might have seen here, and what may have happened to them since, and this effort has only brought the image of little Barbara Betham, unconnected with any other person, so strongly before my eyes that I seem as if I had no other subject to write upon. Now I think I see you with your feet propped upon the fender, your two hands spread out upon your knees—an attitude you always chose when we were in familiar confidential conversation together—telling me long stories of your own home, where now you say you are “moping on with the same thing every day,” and which then presented nothing but pleasant recollections to your mind. How well I remember your quiet steady face bent over your book. One day, conscience-struck at hav-

ing wasted so much of your precious time in reading, and feeling yourself, as you prettily said, "quite useless to me," you went to my drawers and hunted out some unhemmed pocket-handkerchiefs, and by no means could I prevail upon you to resume your story books till you had hemmed them all. I remember, too, your teaching my little maid to read — your sitting with her a whole evening to console her for the death of her sister; and that she in her turn endeavored to become a comforter to you, the next evening, when you wept at the sight of Mrs. Holcroft, from whose school you had recently eloped because you were not partial to sitting in the stocks. Those tears, and a few you once dropped when my brother teased you about your supposed fondness for an apple dumpling, were the only interruptions to the calm contentedness of your unclouded brow. We still remain the same as you left us, neither taller nor wiser, or perceptibly older, but three years must have made a great alteration in you. How very much, dear Barbara, I should like to see you!

We still live in Temple Lane, but I am now sitting in a room you never saw. Soon after you left us we were distressed by the cries of a cat, which seemed to proceed from the garrets adjoining to ours, and only separated from ours by a locked door on the farther side of my brother's bedroom, which you know was the little room at the top of the kitchen stairs. We had the lock forced and let poor

puss out from behind a panel of the wainscot, and she lived with us from that time; for we were in gratitude bound to keep her, as she had introduced us to four untenanted, unowned rooms, and by degrees we have taken possession of these unclaimed apartments — first putting up lines to dry our clothes, then moving my brother's bed into one of these, more commodious than his own room. And last winter, my brother being unable to pursue a work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who were more at leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at his ease in one of these rooms, as he could not then hear the door knock, or hear himself denied to be at home, which was sure to make him call out and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table, and one chair, and bid him write away, and consider himself as much alone as if he were in a new lodging in the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide unfrequented place where he could expect few visitors to break in upon his solitude. I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those bare whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull unfurnished prison.

The next day, before he came home from his

office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor; and, to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen; and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library, coming in every now and then to ask my leave to strip a fresh poor author—which he might not do, you know, without my permission, as I am elder sister. There was such pasting, such consultation where their portraits, and where the series of pictures from Ovid, Milton, and Shakespeare would show to most advantage, and in what obscure corner authors of humbler note might be allowed to tell their stories. All the books gave up their stores but one, a translation from Ariosto, a delicious set of four and twenty prints, and for which I had marked out a conspicuous place; when lo! we found at the moment the scissors were going to work that a part of the poem was printed at the back of every picture. What a cruel disappointment! To conclude this long story about nothing, the poor despised garret is now being called the print room, and is become our most favorite sitting room.

Your sister Ann will tell you that your friend

Louisa is going to France. Miss Skepper is out of town, Mrs. Reynolds desires to be remembered to you, and so does my neighbor Mrs. Norris, who was your doctress when you were unwell; her three little children have grown three big children. The lions still live in Exeter Change. Returning home through the Strand, I often hear them roar about twelve o'clock at night. I never hear them without thinking of you, because you seemed so pleased with the sight of them, and said your young companions would stare when you told them you had seen a lion. And now, my dear Barbara, farewell; I have not written such a long letter a long time, but I am very sorry I had nothing amusing to write about. Wishing you may pass happily through the rest of your school days, and every future day of your life,

I remain, your affectionate friend,

M. LAMB.

My brother sends his love to you, with the kind remembrance your letter showed you have of us as I was. He joins with me in respects to your good father and mother, and to your brother John, who, if I do not mistake his name, is your tall young brother who was in search of a fair lady with a large fortune. Ask him if he has found her yet. . . . Now you have begun, I shall hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you again. I shall always receive a letter from you with very great delight.

## THE TEMPEST

## A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE

MARY LAMB

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called

Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine

large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

“O my dear father,” said she, “if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her.”

“Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda,” said Prospero; “there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age.”

“Certainly I can, sir,” replied Miranda.

“By what?” asked Prospero; “by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child.”

Miranda said, “It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?”

Prospero answered, “You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?”

“No, sir,” said Miranda, “I remember nothing more.”

“Twelve years ago, Miranda,” continued Prospero, “I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy.”

“Wherefore,” said Miranda, “did they not that hour destroy us?”

“My child,” answered her father, “they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.”

“O my father,” said Miranda, “what a trouble must I have been to you then!”

“No, my love,” said Prospero, “you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when, my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.”

“Heaven thank you, my dear father,” said Miranda. “Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm ?”

“Know then,” said her father, “that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.”

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship’s company; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves, and lost.

“But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting

the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witch-

crafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,—

"Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong — bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sit-

ting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

“Miranda,” said Prospero, “tell me what you are looking at yonder.”

“O father,” said Miranda, in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?”

“No, girl,” answered her father; “it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.”

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand’s constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way:



*From the painting by John Everett Millais.*

**HE FOLLOWED IN AMAZEMENT THE SOUND OF ARIEL'S VOICE**

therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

“Follow me,” said he; “I will tie you, neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food.”

“No,” said Ferdinand, “I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy,” and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, “Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.”

“Silence,” said her father; “one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban.” This he said to prove his daughter’s constancy; and she replied,—

“My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.”

“Come on, young man,” said Prospero to the prince, “you have no power to disobey me.”

“I have not, indeed,” answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived

of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray, rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance; for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task

merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience; for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied,—

“I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget.”

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, “This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples.”

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told

the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

“Ah! sir,” said she, “I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me.”

Prospero prevented Ferdinand’s thanks by appearing visible before them.

“Fear nothing, my child,” said he, “I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then, as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.”

He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero’s brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going

to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero: “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the

preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too," and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and the excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the

daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king: "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that, by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the mean time," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your

evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order: and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite, when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

### THE TALE OF BO-BO

CHARLES LAMB

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the *Cooks' Holiday*. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or

rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the

negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!*

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father

might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“ You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring ? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you ! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say ? ”

“ O father, the pig, the pig ! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “ Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord ! ” — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when, the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclu-

sion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

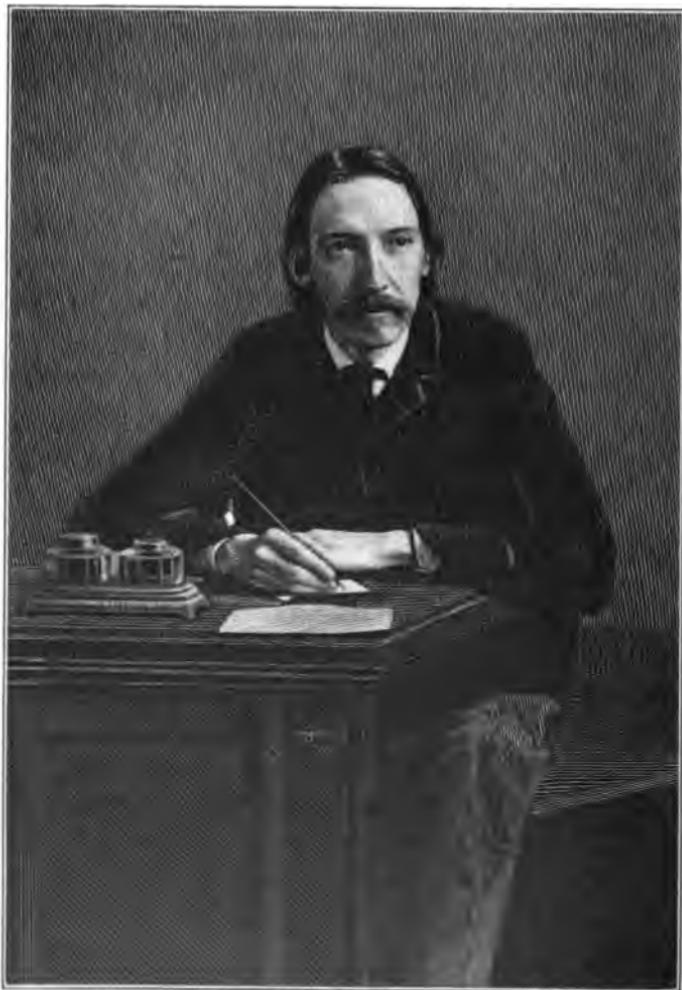
At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and, burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and

the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of *Not Guilty*.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

*From "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" in "Essays of Elia."*



*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson is best known to boys and girls through his lively book "Treasure Island," which nearly everybody reads as soon as he is old enough to enjoy a stirring tale of pirates and hidden gold.

Stevenson was a Scotchman, born and brought up in Edinburgh, the beautiful and historic city that he never tired of writing and talking about. His parents were well-to-do, and lavished the most anxious care upon their only child, a frail, nervous boy, who seemed scarcely strong enough to survive the winter winds of Scotland. "Many winters," Stevenson says in speaking of his childhood, "I never crossed the threshold; but used to lie on my face on the nursery floor, chalking or painting in water-colors in the illustrated newspapers; or sit up in bed with a little shawl pinned about my shoulders to play with bricks [blocks] or what not." His poem "The Land of Counterpane" is a reminiscence of those childish days in bed. His nurse, Alison Cunningham, was his playmate and companion. "She was more patient than I can suppose of an angel," he writes. As long as he lived, he remembered her kindness; no matter where he was, he always wrote to her, and sent her his books as soon as they were published. His verses "To Alison Cunningham" are a tribute to her devotion when he was an ailing, timid child.

In time he was well enough to go to school. He never won a prize except for reading. But one of his teachers says of him, "He was without exception the most delightful boy I ever knew; full of fun, full of tender feeling; ready for his lessons, ready for a story, ready for fun." And so he was all his life. His talk sparkled with jokes and comical incidents, even when, in his heart, he must have been greatly discouraged over his long, terrible struggle with ill-health.

From his early childhood he had a firm determination to learn to write so well that he could be an author; he was constantly practising some kind of composition. He wrote histories and war-stories, and even long, rambling novels full of wild, bloody adventures among robbers and pirates. He was always starting magazines, written out by hand, in which he published his tales illustrated with crude pictures in water-color. These brilliant sheets he circulated at a charge of a penny a reading. One of the periodicals, called the "School-boy's Magazine," is still preserved by his relatives.

As Louis grew older, his father wished him to study engineering, so that he might build lighthouses, as most of the men in the Stevenson family had done. Mr. Stevenson did not want him to become a writer; he was sure that such a foolish plan would result in nothing but failure. It was plain, however, that the young man was not going to be satisfied

with any other life than that of a writer. "There is something in me worth saying," he wrote to a friend, "but I can't find what it is just yet."

Stevenson's first great success was "Treasure Island," which he wrote when he was thirty years old, to entertain his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne. Together they drew a colored map of an island, and then Stevenson made up the story a little at a time. While he was doing it, he was as excited and happy as a boy. He wrote to his friend Henley,—

"Now, see here,—'The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island,' a story for boys. Will you be surprised to hear that it's about Buccaneers, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus 'Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum'?" And then he adds, "It's awful fun, boys' stories. You just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain. The only stiff thing is to get it ended."

The story was first printed in a magazine called "Young Folks," but later it came out as a book. Stevenson was overjoyed to receive what seemed to him a good sum of money for it. He wrote to his father and mother telling them what he had been offered:—

"How much do you suppose? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so. Shall I? Any-

way, I'll turn the page first. No — well, a hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful?"

He had proved to his father that writing books was not, after all, a failure. And so he kept on writing books all the rest of his life; and some of them, such as "Kidnapped," "David Balfour," "The Black Arrow," and "St. Ives," are chiefly for boys and girls.

Stevenson found that he could not be well in Scotland. He decided that the best thing for him to do was to seek out some pleasant place where the climate was soft and warm, and make his home there for the rest of his life. So he sailed away to the little group of islands called Samoa, far off in the vast expanse of the southern Pacific Ocean. Here, on the Island of Upolu, he bought four hundred acres of land, built a bungalow, and established himself for the rest of his days. He called his house "Vailima," which means "Five Waters," because of the lovely river and its four branches, which dashed themselves glittering down the side of the mountain at whose foot the estate was situated. Palms grew on this island, and pineapples, mangoes, bread-fruit trees, citrons, and the plant called taro, whose root forms the chief food for the South Sea peoples.

The natives of Upolu were a half-savage race, dark-skinned men who lived in rude houses thatched with leaves of the cocoa-nut palm. They were sometimes engaged in fierce war with one another;

but from the first they were friendly with the genial white man who had come to live among them. Little by little they began to regard him as a sort of chief, ruling over them all; they came to him with their troubles and disputes, and were never refused admittance and never sent away unsatisfied. Often they would come back gratefully, bearing gifts: squealing pigs, baskets of squawking birds, or piles of beautifully woven mats, a Samoan's most cherished possession, one of which it would take a woman a whole year to make. And at their feasts and dances, they kept for this new white chief a place of honor among their own.

The Samoans called Stevenson "Tusitala," which means "The Writer of Tales"; and Tusitala took pains to learn their strange language so that he could talk with them without an interpreter. He kept on good terms with all the different parties in the island, and did much to make peace among them. The King of Samoa was his very good friend, and used to visit at Vailima. Some of the great chiefs, in gratitude for Tusitala's kindness to them while they were in prison, at the time of a native rebellion, cleared and dug a road from the harbor at Apia up the densely wooded foothills to Vailima. In their opinion, a solid, well-built road was the most valuable gift that they could make him, since in that warm climate the underbrush grows so fast that it chokes the paths, which the heavy rains

keep deep with water and mud. The chiefs called this wide clear way that they had built "The Road of the Loving Heart"; and they put up, on a large board, this inscription:—

"Considering the great love of His Excellency Tusitala in his loving care for us in our tribulation in the prison, we have made this great gift: it shall never be muddy, it shall go on forever, this road that we have dug."

Thus lived Tusitala for four very happy years among the tropical enjoyments of Samoa. All the time, he was writing his tales and sending them to England and America to be printed. Every one who read them was interested in the author's strange life so far away in the Pacific; and every one was sad to hear, one day in 1894, that Stevenson had died suddenly, and was to be buried on his beloved island of Upolu. He had often said that he wished to be buried on the top of the mountain, overlooking Vailima and the harbor and the wide blue sea beyond. So, when the chiefs heard that he was dead, they met in sorrowful council, and sent forty men to clear a way to the peak; they themselves stayed behind to watch beside his coffin, which they had covered with flowers and precious mats. At noon, on the day after his death, they carried the coffin on their shoulders up the steep, rough path to the spot that he had chosen. And when they came down from the mountain, they made a rule that no guns

should be fired near the place where Tusitala lay, because the birds must always sing about his grave.

Later, a tomb, in the Samoan fashion, was built of great blocks of cement. Upon it is engraved the "Requiem" which Stevenson himself had written:

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

Stevenson was a man who made himself dear to every one who knew him. In appearance he was rather unusual; he was tall and slender, with a somewhat southern look. But he spoke with a Scotch accent, and was proud to say that he came from Edinburgh. His courage and perseverance in the face of the greatest discouragements make his biography read like the achievements of some brave soldier. Like Charles Lamb, he was ready to meet anything that must come to him, and to front it strongly and cheerfully. He used to say,—

The world is so full of a number of things,  
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

He was fond of children, and especially kind and thoughtful with them, as indeed you might suppose after reading his "Child's Garden of Verses." And

perhaps you could not get a better idea of his own happy, boyish self, and love of anything like a story, than from this letter he wrote to one of his little friends in Scotland, a boy named Thomas Archer:—

TAUTIRA, ISLAND OF TAHITI [November, 1888].

DEAR TOMARCHER,—This is a pretty state of things! seven o'clock and no word of breakfast! And I was awake a good deal last night, for it was full moon, and they had made a great fire of cocoanut husks down by the sea, and as we have no blinds or shutters, this kept my room very bright. And then the rats had a wedding or a school-feast under my bed. And then I woke early, and I have nothing to read except Virgil's *Aeneid*, which is not good fun on an empty stomach, and a Latin dictionary, which is good for naught, and by some humorous accident, your dear papa's article on Skerryvore. And I read the whole of that, and very impudent it is, but you must not tell your dear papa I said so, or it might come to a battle in which you might lose either a dear papa or a valued correspondent, or both, which would be prodigal. And still no breakfast; so I said "Let's write to Tomarcher."

This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls (and sometimes the boys) play a very elaborate kind of hopscotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe; and have very good fun on stilts, trying

to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed. The children of all ages go to church and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that the whips to play horses, and the balls to roll about the church — at least I never saw them used elsewhere — grow ready-made on trees; which is rough on toy-shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself; but no such luck! my hair is grey, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round. When you grow up and become offensively rich, you can charter a ship in the port of London, and have it come back to you entirely loaded with these balls, when you could satisfy your mind as to their character, and give them away when done with to your uncles and aunts. But what I really wanted to tell you was this: besides the tree-top toys (Hush-a-by, toy-shop, on the tree-top!), I have seen some real *made* toys, the first hitherto observed in the South Seas.

This was how. You are to imagine a four-wheeled gig; one horse; in the front seat two Tahiti natives, in their Sunday clothes, blue coat, white shirt, kilt (a little longer than the Scotch) of a blue stuff with big white or yellow flowers, legs and feet bare; in the back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of

yours; under our feet, plenty of lunch and things: among us a great deal of fun in broken Tahitian, one of the natives, the subchief of the village, being a great ally of mine. Indeed we have exchanged names; so that he is now called Rui, the nearest they can come to Louis, for they have no *l* and no *s* in their language. Rui is six feet three in his stockings, and a magnificent man. We all have straw hats, for the sun is strong. We drive between the sea, which makes a great noise, and the mountains; the road is cut through a forest mostly of fruit trees, the very creepers, which take the place of our ivy, heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your head and far nicer, called Barbedine. Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, the doors and windows open, no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a house in a fairy tale, and just beyond we must ford a river, and there we saw the inhabitants. Just in the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, they were ducking and bathing and screaming together like a covey of birds: seven or eight little naked brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real toys—toy ships, full rigged, and with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust on their beam ends. And then I knew for sure they were all children in a fairy story, living alone together in that lonely house with the only toys in all the island;

and that I had myself driven, in my four-wheeled gig, into a corner of the fairy story, and the question was, should I get out again? But it was all right; I guess only one of the wheels of the gig had got into the fairy story; and the next jolt the whole thing vanished, and we drove on in our seaside forest as before, and I have the honor to be Tomarcher's valued correspondent, TERITERA, which he was previously known as

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

## A FIGHT WITH THE PIRATES

[The action takes place on Treasure Island. The sailors who have mutinied on board ship, and who have turned out to be pirates, are attacking the blockhouse (a small fort made of logs, surrounded by a fence of upright logs, called a stockade). Silver is their leader. He has just approached the house with a flag of truce, and had a talk with Captain Smollett, in which he tells the captain and his men that they must surrender or prepare for a hard fight. The others in the house have been listening to the conversation. They are: Jim Hawkins, a half-grown boy, who is telling us the story; Doctor Livesey; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; Squire Trelawney, owner of the ship; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, servants of the Squire.]

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned towards the interior of the house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

“Quarters!” he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places, “Gray,” he said, “I’ll put your name in the log; you’ve stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I’m surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king’s coat. If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you’d have been better in your berth.”

The doctor’s watch were all back at their loopholes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

The captain looked on for a while in silence. Then he spoke.

“My lads,” said he, “I’ve given Silver a broadside. I pitched it in red-hot on purpose; and before the hour’s out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We’re outnumbered, I needn’t tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I’ve no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose.”

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loopholes; on the south side

where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles — tables, you might say — one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

“Toss out the fire,” said the captain; “the chill is past, and we must n’t have smoke in our eyes.”

The iron fire basket was carried bodily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among sand.

“Hawkins has n’t had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it,” continued Captain Smollett. “Lively, now, my lad; you ’ll want it before you ’ve done.”

And while this was going on, the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defence.

“Doctor, you will take the door,” he resumed. “See, and don’t expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot — you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loopholes; it ’s there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we ’ll stand by to load and bear a hand.”

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing, and drank up all the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the blockhouse. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his own post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

“Hang them!” said the captain. “This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind.”

And just at that moment came the first news of the attack.

“If you please, sir,” said Joyce, “if I see any one, am I to fire?”

“I told you so!” cried the captain.

“Thank you, sir,” returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes — the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the blockhouse, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face.

So some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the enclo-

sure. Several bullets struck the log-house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not the gleam of a musket-barrel betrayed the presence of our foes.

“Did you hit your man?” asked the captain.

“No, sir,” replied Joyce. “I believe not, sir.”

“Next best thing to tell the truth,” muttered Captain Smollett. “Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, Doctor?”

“I know precisely,” said Dr. Livesey. “Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes — two close together — one farther to the west.”

“Three!” repeated the captain. “And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?”

But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north — seven, by the squire’s computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loophole, and shoot us down like rats in our own stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought.

Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sang through the doorway, and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forwards into the enclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defence; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log-house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired; but such was the hurry of the marksmen, that not one appears to have taken effect. In a moment, the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loophole.

“At 'em, all hands — all hands!” he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and, with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, and one loud groan, rang in my ears.

“Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!” cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and some one, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Some one was close behind, I knew not whom. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across the face.

“Round the house, lads! round the house!” cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastwards, and with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door, the other mutineers had already been swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man, in a red night-cap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval, that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red night-cap still half way over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory was ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot at a loop-hole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay with the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

“Fire—fire from the house!” cried the doctor. “And you, lads, back into cover.”

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loophole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the center, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

“The captain’s wounded,” said Mr. Trelawney.

“Have they run?” asked Mr. Smollett.

“All that could, you may be bound,” returned the doctor; “but there’s five of them will never run again.”

“Five!” cried the captain. “Come, that’s better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That’s better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that’s as bad to bear.”

TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM  
FROM HER BOY

For the long nights you lay awake  
And watched for my unworthy sake:  
For your most comfortable hand  
That led me through the uneven land:  
For all the story books you read:  
For all the pains you comforted:  
For all you pitied, all you bore,  
In sad and happy days of yore:—  
My second mother, my first wife,  
The angel of my infant life —  
From the sick child, now well and old,  
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, heaven, that all who read  
May find as dear a nurse at need,  
And every child who lists my rhyme,  
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,  
May hear it in as kindly voice  
As made my childish days rejoice!

*Dedication of "A Child's Garden of Verses."*

## A SCOTCH CRUSOE

[This selection is from chapter XIV of "Kidnapped." David Balfour, an orphan boy who is heir to a large fortune, has been kidnapped and taken aboard a ship bound for the Carolinas, where he is to be sold as a servant. The ship strikes the rocks off the coast of Scotland, and is wrecked; David succeeds in reaching a small island, but finds himself in a sad plight.]

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

The second day, I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number. But the creek, or straits, that cut off the isle from the main land of the Ross, opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the Sound of Iona; and it was the neighbourhood of this place that I chose to be my home; though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out weeping.

I had good reason for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in; so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shellfish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time: and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted) between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness; and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust) and saved me from the sense of hor-

ror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

I say it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright lookout for boats on the Sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained, and I turned in to sleep, as wet as ever, and with a cruel sore throat, but a little comforted, perhaps, by having said good-night to my next neighbors, the people of Iona.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay out doors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of the summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

This was the day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the strait; though what should bring any creature to Earraid, was more than I could fancy.

A little after, as I was jumping about after my limpets, I was startled by a guinea piece, which fell upon a rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out, I carried my gold loose in a pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found no more than two guinea pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little after, where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a fortune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir of an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands.

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot; my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that ever I stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the color of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them pite-

ously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles, I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the yard; and now, the second time, when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning; and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat again, but with such loathing of the mess as I could now scarcely control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again. I had all my first pains; my throat was so sore I could scarce swallow; I had a fit of strong shuddering, which clucked my teeth together; and there came on me that dreadful sense of illness, which we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers; and as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me: I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal; truly, I was in a better case than ever before since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude.

The next day (which was the fourth of this hor-

rible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the sound and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry, I must wet it with the sea-water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the

other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer," several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes—yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out—?" I cried, and could not finish.

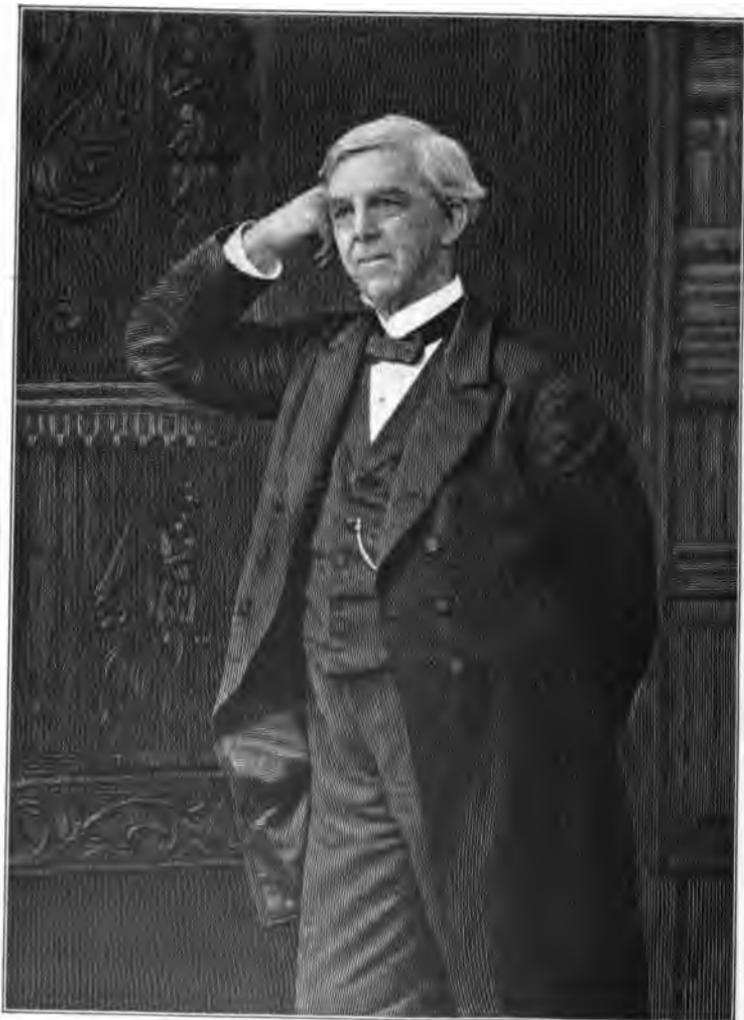
"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter),

leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid; which is only what they call a tidal islet, and except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish — even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggar-man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.



*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Physician, Professor, Poet, Essayist, After-dinner Speaker; a most serious Thinker; one of the wittiest of Talkers; one of the warmest and kindest of Friends. How many does that make? Several? No, this time only one—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It takes all that to account for Dr. Holmes, and even that does n't wholly do it. We should change the order, too; for though Dr. Holmes was known in Boston and out of it as a practising physician, and then for thirty-five years as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard College, yet he was long before that, and long after it, too, a poet. He wrote verses for the College paper when he was a student at Harvard—funny verses, humorous verses; and then all at once he darted into fame. It happened that the Government was proposing to break up the old frigate *Constitution* that had fought the *Guerrière*, when a ringing poem called "Old Ironsides" appeared in a Boston newspaper. The poem started such a protest that the old ship was spared, and—though this was not in the writer's plan—the name of the poet was noticed afar, and with some expectations, too.

The writer of the poem was just then at the Harvard Law School. But he very shortly threw down his law books and went abroad—to Paris—to study

medicine. He studied thoroughly and carefully, and made the most of what was a very great advantage in those days — the 1830's. After he returned, he was for two terms a professor at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire; and then he married and settled down in Boston for the rest of his days.

Dr. Holmes was very thoroughly a Bostonian. In his long life of more than eighty-five years, — he died in 1894, — he had passed with his country most of the great milestones of her history. He had joined her so near the beginning of her course as to have known — to have talked with — survivors of Washington's army, men who had fought at Bunker Hill. He had seen Boston grow from a little Puritan city, that looked like a bit of old England, to a large mixed and modern town. He had lived to be the last of the great company of American authors that included Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Whittier. No wonder that so many of his poems are patriotic. His own family, too, had been people of wealth and influence back to the days of the Pilgrims on the one side and of Dutch patroons on the other; his father, the Reverend Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, had been one of the first to make a careful history of the United States; and Holmes himself was born, and spent his boyhood, in the very "gambrel-roofed house" in Cambridge, that had been the headquarters of the Committee of Safety before the Revolution.

Dr. Holmes was a strong believer in ancestors — that is, in having the right kind of ancestors, a very important matter in which we seem, unfortunately, to have no choice; for the effect of culture and education and all good experience may be inherited just as surely as the effects of bad or foolish living. Dr. Holmes was so interested in this matter of heredity that he made it the subject of two long stories, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel."

It used to be said in Boston that Dr. Holmes "was difficult to catch unless he were wanted for some kind act." One thing for which he was always in demand was a public speech, especially upon social occasions such as college reunions and the birthdays of his distinguished neighbors. These speeches he gave nearly always in verse, and so it happens that many of his poems are of the "occasional" sort. One of the most famous of these is "The Boys," which he spoke on the thirtieth reunion of his college class.

Dr. Holmes was small and slight, and very brisk and alert in all his movements ; and his conversation had the same business-like briskness. We see it — his own natural manner — in those mostly one-sided conversations of his that we know as the Breakfast-Table series. When James Russell Lowell was made editor of the then new magazine "The Atlantic Monthly," he insisted that Dr. Holmes should become a contributor. He did ; and in the first number of the "Atlantic" appeared the first installment of

the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." The scene is a Boston boarding-house, and the people are commonplace enough. There are the landlady, and her daughter, and her son Benjamin Franklin, and the irrepressible young fellow called John, and several others besides the schoolmistress and the Autocrat. Before the end of the story the Autocrat has somehow given us to see something interesting — some kindly human trait, at least — in each of these commonplace people; and meanwhile we have heard him present and discuss all manner of conversational topics with much wit and a great deal of wisdom. In "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," the scene and the landlady are the same, but the boarders have changed as boarders do, and Dr. Holmes himself comes into each story in a new character, but unmistakably the same Dr. Holmes.

The eloquence and sentiment that, of course, would not be shown at a boarding-house table, we find in his poems. Perhaps we do not value most quite the same poems that he did, — the poems he mentioned in a letter to the school-children of Cincinnati, when they were celebrating his seventy-first birthday; but of that you must judge for yourselves. This is the letter: —

BOSTON, November 20, 1880.

My dear young Friends, — You are doing me great honor by committing some of my lines to

memory, and bringing me so kindly into remembrance. If I had known how much was to be made of my verses, I should have been more thoughtful and more careful in writing them. I began writing and printing my poems at an age when many are far advanced in wisdom, but I was boyish and immature. And so it happens that some productions of mine got established in my books which I look upon now as green fruit, which had better been left ungathered. I can trust the keen intelligence of my young readers to discover which these were. After all, it sometimes happens that youthful readers find a certain pleasure in writings which their authors find themselves to have outgrown, and shake their gray heads over as if they ought to have written like old men when they were boys. So, if any of you can laugh over any of my early verses, unbutton your small jackets and indulge in that pleasing convulsion to your heart's content.

But I sincerely hope that you will find something better in my pages; and if you will remember me by "The Chambered Nautilus," or "The Promise," or "The Living Temple," your memories will be a monument I shall think more of than of any of bronze or marble.

With the best wishes for your happy future, I am  
your friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## CONVERSATIONAL CRUMBS FROM THE BREAKFAST TABLE

### I. THE ART OF CONVERSATION

Remember that talking is one of the fine arts,—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult,—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects,—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theater, alluded, with a certain lift-

ing of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up; I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns. { 1. The real John ; known only to his Maker.  
2. John's ideal John ; never the real one, and often very unlike him.  
3. Thomas's ideal John ; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases. { 1. The real Thomas.  
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.  
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; there-

fore he *is*, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.]

*From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."*

## II. THE LINGERING VISITOR

Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but

they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of out-doors.

*From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."*

### III. MUSIC POUNDING

[The old gentleman introduced as the "Master," speaks.]

I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down onto it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead

stop,— so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils — don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullfrog and a woodthrush.

*From "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."*

### A DIFFERENCE OF WORDS

It is a great misfortune to us of the more elderly sort, that we were bred to the constant use of words in English children's books, which were without meaning for us and only mystified us.

We were educated, you remember (I am speaking to grandpapas now), on Miss Edgeworth's "Frank" and "Parents' Assistant," on "Original Poems" and "Evenings at Home" and "Cheap Repository Tracts." There we found ourselves in a strange world, where James was called Jem, not *Jim*, as we always heard it; where a respectable but healthy young woman was spoken of as "a stout wench"; where boys played at *taw*, not marbles; where one

found cowslips in the fields, while what we saw were buttercups; where naughty schoolboys got through a gap in the hedge, to steal Farmer Giles's red-streaks, instead of shinning over the fence to hook old Daddy Jones's Baldwins; where Hodge used to go to the alehouse for his mug of beer, while we used to see old Joe steering for the grocery to get his glass of rum; where toffy and lollypop were the substitutes for molasses-candy and gibraltars; where poachers were pulled up before the squire for knocking down hares, while our country boys hunted (with guns) after rabbits, or set figgery-fours for them, without fear of the constable; where birds were taken with a wonderful substance they called bird-lime; where boys studied in *forms*, and where there were fags, and ushers, and barrings-out; where there were shepherds, and gypsies, and tinkers, and orange-women, who sold *China* oranges out of barrows; where there were larks and nightingales, instead of yellow-birds and bobolinks; where the robin was a little domestic bird that fed at the table, instead of a great fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush; where poor people lived in thatched cottages, instead of shingled ten-footers; where the tables were made of deal, where every village had its parson and clerk and beadle, its green-grocer, its apothecary who visited the sick, and its bar-maid who served out ale.

What a mess,—there is no better word for it,—

what a mess was made of it in our young minds in the attempt to reconcile what we read about with what we saw! It was like putting a picture of Regent's Park in one side of a stereoscope, and a picture of Boston Common on the other, and trying to make one of them. The end was that we all grew up with a mental squint which we could never get rid of. We saw the lark and the cowslip and the rest on the printed page with one eye,—the bobolink and the buttercup and so on with the other in nature. This world is always a riddle to us at best,—for the answer see our next,—but those English children's books seemed so perfectly simple and natural,—as they were to English children,—and yet were so alien to our youthful experiences, that the Houyhnhnm primer could not have muddled our intellects more hopelessly.

*From "The Seasons" in "Pages from an Old Volume of Life."*

## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers

All the aches and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls";

When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the  
*Rebel* story,  
To you the words are ashes, but to me they 're burn-  
ing coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running  
battle;  
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red  
coats still;  
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms  
up before me,  
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of  
Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first  
thing gave us warning  
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and  
the shore:  
"Child," says grandma, "what 's the matter, what is  
all this noise and clatter ?  
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder  
us once more ?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst  
of all my quaking,  
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to  
roar:  
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter  
and the pillage,

When the Mohawks killed her father with their  
bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret  
and worry any,

For I 'll soon come back and tell you whether this is  
work or play;

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a  
minute"—

For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong  
day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass  
grimacing;

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way  
to my heels;

God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood  
around her flowing,

How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet house-  
hold feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was  
the stumping

Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden  
leg he wore,

With a knot of women round him,— it was lucky I  
had found him,

So I followed with the others, and the Corporal  
marched before.

They were making for the steeple,—the old soldier  
and his people;  
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the  
creaking stair.  
Just across the narrow river—oh, so close it made  
me shiver!—  
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday  
was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who  
stood behind it,  
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the  
stubborn walls were dumb:  
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild  
upon each other,  
And their lips were white with terror as they said,  
THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we  
tasted  
And our heads were almost splitting with the can-  
nons' deafening thrill,  
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart  
strode sedately;  
It was Prescott, one since told me; he commanded  
on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his  
manly figure,

With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;  
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,  
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming;  
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;  
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down, and listened  
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),  
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,  
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,  
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;  
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still:

The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and  
fasting,—

At last they 're moving, marching, marching proudly  
up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the  
lines advancing,—

Now the front rank fires a volley,— they have thrown  
away their shot;

For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above  
them flying,

Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer  
not.

Then our Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear  
sometimes and tipple),—

He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French  
war) before,—

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were  
hearing,—

And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty  
belfry floor:—

“Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's  
shillin's,

But ye 'll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘rebel’  
falls;

You may bang the dirt and welcome, they 're as safe  
as Dan'l Malcolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you 've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation

Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh breathless all;

Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,

We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,— nearer,— nearer,

When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a crash — the steeple shakes —

The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;

Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder cloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over!

The redcoats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying

Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat — it can't be doubted!"

God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so), —

"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? *ARE* they beaten?" — "Wait a while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our error:

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them back in vain;

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,

Toward the sullen, silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charlestown blazing!

They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be down!

The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and brimstone round them, —

The robbing, murdering redcoats, that would burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste departed?

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the foes asunder!

Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earth-work they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for:

They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's features,

Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask:

“Not sure,” he said; “keep quiet,—once more, I  
guess, they ’ll try it—  
Here ’s damnation to the cut-throats!”—then he  
handed me his flask,

Saying, “Gal, you ’re looking shaky; have a drop  
of old Jamaiky;  
I’m afeard there ’ll be more trouble afore the job is  
done”;  
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I  
felt and hollow,  
Standing there from early morning when the firing  
was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a  
calm clock dial,  
As the hands kept creeping, creeping,—they were  
creeping round to four,  
When the old man said, “They ’re forming with their  
bayonets fixed for storming:  
It ’s the death-grip that ’s a-coming,—they will try  
the works once more.”

With blazing trumpets blaring, the flames behind  
them glaring,  
The deadly wall before them, in close array they  
come;  
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon’s fold  
uncoiling,—

Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful story,

How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks over a deck;

How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men retreated,

With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I fainted,

And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me down the stair:

When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted,—

On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, “Send for Warren! hurry! hurry!

Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and dress his wound!”

Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,

How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the  
place from which he came was,  
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left  
him at our door,  
He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our  
brave fellows,  
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying  
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered  
round him crying,—  
And they said, “Oh, how they'll miss him!” and,  
“What *will* his mother do?”  
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that  
has been dozing,  
He faintly murmured, “Mother!” — and — I saw his  
eyes were blue.

“Why, grandma, how you're winking!” Ah, my  
child, it sets me thinking  
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow  
lived along;  
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him  
like a — mother,  
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,  
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant  
summer weather,—

“Please to tell us what his name was?” Just your  
own, my little dear,—  
There’s his picture Copley painted: we became so  
well acquainted,  
That—in short, that’s why I’m grandma, and you  
children all are here!

## OLD IRONSIDES

SEPTEMBER 14, 1830

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
    That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
    And burst the cannon’s roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
    Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes’ blood,  
    Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o’er the flood,  
    And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor’s tread,  
    Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
    The eagle of the sea!

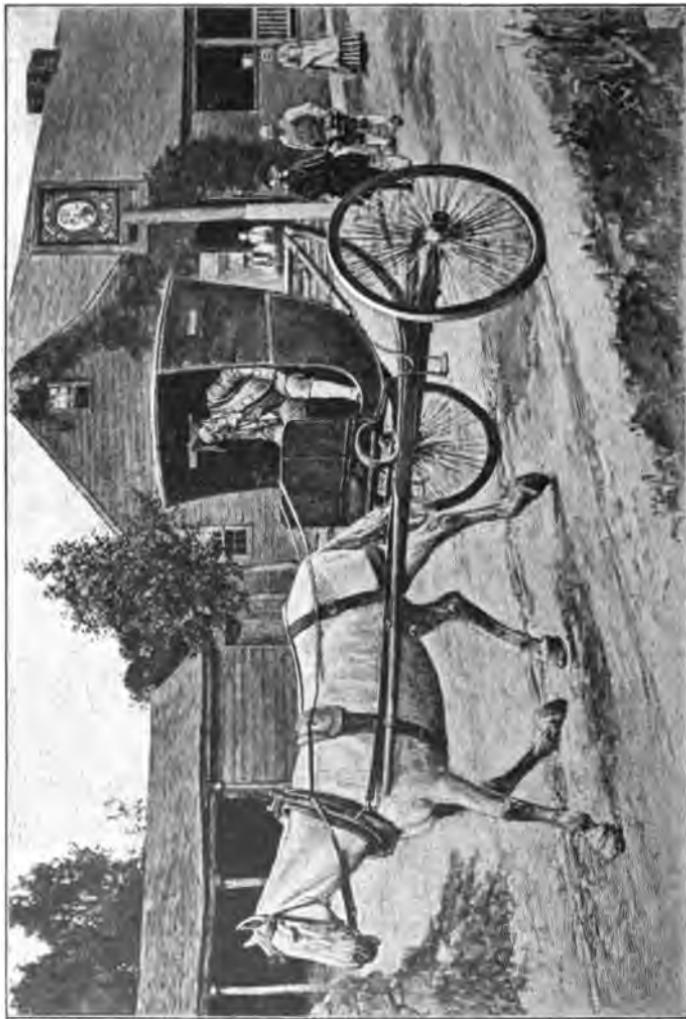
Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

#### OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,  
I 'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.



SHE WAS A WONDER, AND NOTHING LESS!

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,— lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will,—  
Above or below, or within or without,—  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
With an “I dew vum,” or an “I tell *yeou*”)  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown;  
“Fur,” said the Deacon, “'t's mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;

The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,  
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"  
Last of its timber,—they could n't sell 'em,  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through."—  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren—where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred;—it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—

“Hahnsum kerridge” they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it.— You're welcome.— No extra charge.)

First of November,— the Earthquake-day,—  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one might say.  
There could n't be,— for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there was n't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whippletree neither less nor more,  
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.  
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill,—  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once,—  
All at once, and nothing first,—  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

## THE BOYS

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.  
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!  
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are  
more?

He's tipsy,— young jackanapes! — show him the  
door!

“Gray temples at twenty?” — Yes! *white* if we  
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing  
can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!  
Look close,— you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have  
shed,—

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been  
told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —  
That boy we call “Doctor,” and this we call “Judge”;  
It's a neat little fiction,— of course it's all fudge.

That fellow 's the " Speaker,"—the one on the right;  
" Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?  
That 's our " Member of Congress," we say when we  
chaff;

There 's the " Reverend " What 's his name?—don't  
make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,  
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!  
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There 's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical chain;  
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,  
We called him " The Justice," but now he 's " The  
Squire."

And there 's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
Just read on his medal, " My country," " of thee! "

You hear that boy laughing? — You think he 's all  
fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest  
of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or  
with pen, —

And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be  
men ?

Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

Then here 's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !

And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS !

### THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again

The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
    Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
    "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin

At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main, —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-  
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old  
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea!

## JOHN BURROUGHS

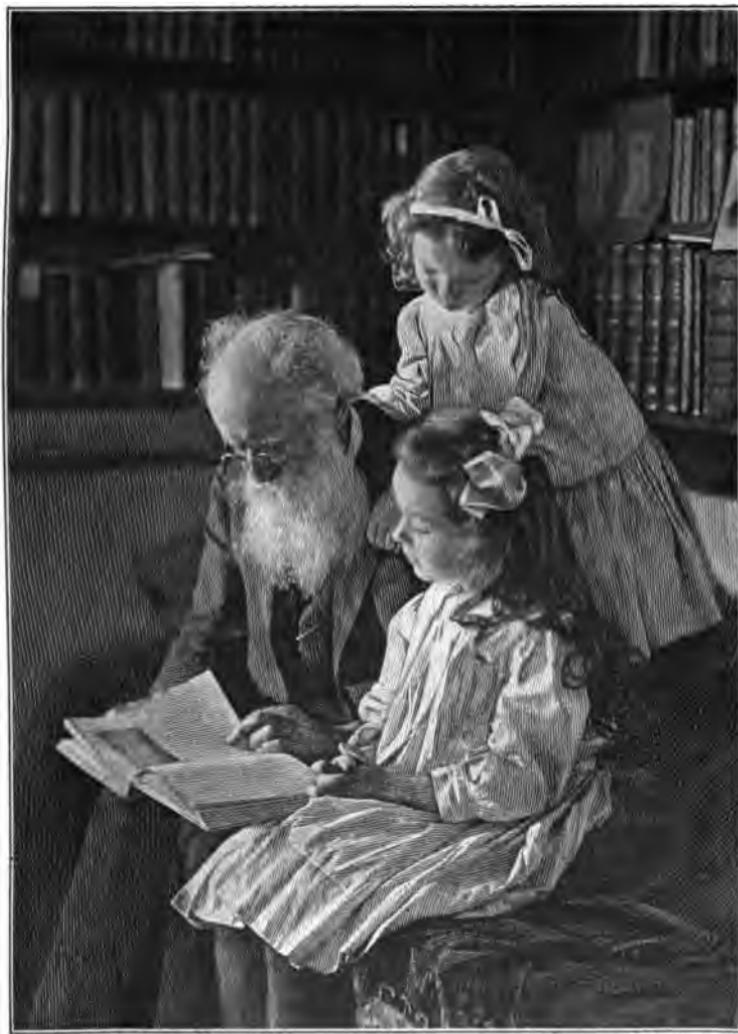
Anyone sailing on the Hudson, through the Catskill region, on a morning of late summer or early fall, may spy, on the western shore, a certain slope of vineyards half purple with ripening grapes. Looking closely, he will see that, back among the green of firs and the spotted scarlet of turning maples, is set a comfortable stone house with a many-gabled roof. That is Riverby, John Burroughs's home.

Mr. Burroughs himself is more often not at home—that is, not at Riverby. Suppose, if he is not, that we go seek him now. But perhaps he is in the study. Let us look. We go around the house to the river side, and down toward the vineyards. There, out by itself, stands a little rustic one-roomed building with a stone chimney running up the side. It is very comfortable in there, with bookshelves, books, and table, and the big stone fireplace at one end. Mr. Burroughs built this so that he might be quiet, away from the everyday noises of the house and the farm. But he is not there now. Where then? At Slabsides? Perhaps so. We will see. So we begin a tramp of a mile or so, into the Catskills.

In "Wild Life about my Cabin," Mr. Burroughs tells us about this secluded nook and the little rustic house he built himself. The outer walls of the house

he covered with slabs, that is, first cuts of log wood, with the bark left on; and he named the place "Slabsides." There, close about his cabin and around the creek and marsh lands beyond, he could find every flavor and quality of wild life. "When I went into the woods," writes Mr. Burroughs, "the robins went with me, or rather they followed close. As soon as a space of ground was cleared and the garden planted, they were on hand to pick up the worms and insects, and to superintend the planting of the cherry trees." It was not long before the shyer birds of the woodland had built in the trees close by. And the fox, the 'possum, the coon, and the rabbit; woodchucks, chipmunks, and weasels,—all visited his garden or his chicken pen and helped themselves. And every winter the otter left his tracks upon the snow along the creek. "I like to think of so wild and shy a creature holding its own within sound of the locomotive's whistle," writes Mr. Burroughs in his book.

All this, however, is chiefly reminiscent; for Mr. Burroughs spends much less time at Slabsides now than he used to. As the years pass, the scenes of his boyhood grow daily dearer to him; and so, we learn, he spends weeks together back in the western Catskills, near Roxbury, where he was born. We were hunting after Mr. Burroughs. He is not at Slabsides. It is a safe guess, then, that he is keeping house in Woodchuck Lodge. So on we go.



*Photograph by Laura Mackay.*

*Courtesy of The Outlook.*

**MR. BURROUGHS WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN**

*John Burroughs*

How beautifully the country opens out before us, between the waving lines and rounded summits of the mountains! And here is Woodchuck Lodge. It is a plain little farmhouse, to which Mr. Burroughs has added a rustic porch; and here he is his own cook and housekeeper. "I called it 'Woodchuck Lodge,'" he says, as he sits on the porch, looking across the road at the low stone wall, "because I can sit here and count the woodchucks, sometimes eight or ten at a time." Would we care to see his study? Of course we would. And he takes us to—the barn! There, just below the haylofts and just within the wide barn door, stands the study table—a hen coop, if you please, stuffed with straw, into which Mr. Burroughs thrusts his feet if the weather be chilly. "There is a broad outlook from a barn door," says Mr. Burroughs, smiling.

And we smile, too,—happily, just to think how much he sees and understands; and a little wistfully, too, wishing we could see and hear as much. We can read what he tells us; he will interpret; for our dullness makes this outdoor world so foreign to us that we need an interpreter. And Mr. Burroughs says that he himself first grew interested reading the great bird-student, Audubon. But books, as he says, are not enough; we must each have an experience of our own. That is how Mr. Burroughs has learned so much. It is not book learning; it is nothing that he learned at school.

Mr. Burroughs's schooling was limited to a few terms at the little red schoolhouse of Roxbury, and some scattered months at nearby academies, for which he earned the money himself by teaching. During the Civil War he went to Washington with the idea of enlisting in the army; but he was offered a small position in the Treasury Department and settled down to that instead. It was his duty to record the money that was put into or taken out of a certain vault; and as this left him much leisure, sitting there before the iron wall of the vault, he began to write what his heart and mind were full of — "memories of the birds and of summer fields and woods!" These papers made his first book, "Wake Robin." He had chosen for a title, he explained, "the common name of the white Trillium, which blooms in all our woods, and which marks the arrival of all the birds." Washington, in its luxuriant setting, with its parks and open spaces, he found a favorite stopping place of migrating birds; and one of the most delightful papers in the book is that called "Spring at the Capital." "April is my natal month," says Mr. Burroughs, "and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of it."

Though Mr. Burroughs has written most, perhaps, about birds and the small folk of the woods, yet he has written also about other things. Take his book "Time and Change." How the mystery about boulders and glaciers, and changes of the earth's surface,

are cleared away! As he remarks, it was Agassiz who first reasoned out the causes and methods of the great glacial changes and opened our eyes to the proofs of them everywhere. "We can all find them now," writes Mr. Burroughs, "on almost every walk we take to the fields and hills; but until our eyes are opened, how blind we are to them! We are like people who camp on the trail of an army and never suspect an army has passed, though the ruts made by their wagons and artillery and the ruins of their intrenchments are everywhere visible. When I was a boy on the farm we never asked ourselves questions about the stones and rocks that encumbered the land— whence they came or what the agency was that brought them." Mr. Burroughs went to Alaska and traveled over the great Muir glacier, as we may read in his volume "Far and Near"; but he did not lack proof at home of the work that a glacier can do. In fact, as he says, we may find most of the wonders of nature without having to travel for them at all, for all Nature's procession is passing by us every day.

Do you think that up there in the hills they will tell you anything about Mr. Burroughs? Not they; but they will talk to you a great deal about Uncle John. Everyone loves him, and boys and girls from all the country round bring him their discoveries and ask him questions. When he was asked if he would say a word to you, he wrote this letter to you all:—

WEST PARK, N. Y., March 1, 1913.

To the Girls and Boys of America.

My dear young Friends,

A good many schoolboys and girls write to me asking questions about all sorts of things in the great world of out-of-doors. Sometimes I can answer them, and sometimes I cannot. The writers do not always think clearly or see straight. But the New England schoolboy who recently wrote to me asking how I "laid the foundation stones" of my career had a definite idea in his mind. There was something in his letter that rang true. The "foundation stones" had a good sound, as did his statement that his path in life would be far from the dusty highways of business and politics. So his letter drew forth a reply.

"I laid the foundation stones of my career," I said, "probably very much as you are laying yours, by improving my opportunities of all kinds, and dealing honestly and sincerely with myself and with others." I might have added that it was my great fortune to be born upon a farm, where one early learns a good deal about foundations, and how important it is to lay them broad and deep. When I was a boy, I assisted my father and brothers one spring in building a fence wall to which we gave a double rock bottom. I have passed along that stone wall many times recently, and noted with satisfac-

tion that it still stands almost as straight and erect as when it was built.

Let me hope that when you have reached my age you may be as well and as young as I am. I am still a boy at heart and enjoy almost everything that boys do, except making a racket. Youth and age have not much to do with years. You are young so long as you keep your interest in things and relish your daily bread. The world is "full of a number of things," and they are all very interesting.

As the years pass, I think my interest in this huge globe upon which we live, and in the life which it holds, deepens. An active interest in life keeps the currents young and keeps them clear. Mountain streams are young streams; they sing and sparkle as they go, and our lives may be the same. With me, the secret of my youth in age is the simple life — simple food, sound sleep, the open air, daily work, kind thoughts, love of nature, and joy and contentment in the world in which I live — no excesses, no alcoholic drinks, no tobacco, no tea or coffee, no stimulants stronger than "victuals and drink," and that the drink from the spring.

I have had a happy life. I have tried to gather my grapes with the bloom upon them. May you all do the same. With all good wishes,

Your friend,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

## WINTER NEIGHBORS

## I. FROM THE STUDY

Under the pressure of the cold, all the wild creatures become outlaws, and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts. The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash-heap and corn-crib, the snow buntings to the stack and to the barn-yard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night; and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn or steal the butternuts from your attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures and sets them adrift. Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

For my part, my nearest approach to a strange bedfellow is the little gray rabbit that has taken up her abode under my study floor. As she spends the day here and is out larking at night, she is not much of a bedfellow, after all. It is probable that I disturb her slumbers more than she does mine. I think she is some support to me under there,—a silent, wide-eyed witness and backer; a type of the gentle and harmless in savage nature. She has no sagacity

to give me or lend me; but that soft, nimble foot of hers, and that touch as of cotton wherever she goes, are worthy of emulation. I think I can feel her goodwill through the floor, and I hope she can mine. When I have a happy thought, I imagine her ears twitch, especially when I think of the sweet apple I will place by her doorway at night.

I wonder if that fox chanced to catch a glimpse of her the other night when he stealthily leaped over the fence near by and walked along between the study and the house? How clearly one could read that it was not a little dog that had passed there! There was something furtive in the track; it shied off away from the house and around it, as if eying it suspiciously; and then it had the caution and deliberation of the fox,—bold, bold, but not too bold; wariness was in every footprint. If it had been a little dog that had chanced to wander that way, when he crossed my path he would have followed it up to the barn and have gone smelling around for a bone; but this sharp, cautious track held straight across all others, keeping five or six rods from the house, up the hill, across the highway toward a neighboring farmstead, with its nose in the air, and its eye and ear alert, so to speak.

## II. THE LITTLE RED OWL AND ANOTHER

A winter neighbor of mine, in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after

his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer, I do not know; but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding-place is discovered by the jays and nut-hatches, and proclaimed from the treetops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command.

Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries I knew my neighbor was being berated. The birds would take turns at looking in upon him, and uttering their alarm-notes. Every jay within hearing would come to the spot, and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness and excitement take a peep at the owl, and then join the outcry. When I approached, they would hastily take a final look, and then withdraw and regard my movements intently.

After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments, I could usually make out the owl at the bottom, feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the axe. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all. When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one

of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again.

I put a cover over my study wood box and kept him captive for a week. Look in upon him at any time, night or day, and he was apparently in the profoundest slumber; but the live mice which I put into his box from time to time found his sleep was easily broken; there would be a sudden rustle in the box, a faint squeak, and then silence. After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine: no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk! But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Another owl neighbor of mine, with whom I pass the time of day more frequently than with the last, lives farther away. I pass his castle every night on my way to the post-office, and in winter, if the hour is late enough, am pretty sure to see him standing in his doorway, surveying the passers-by and the landscape through narrow slits in his eyes.

For four successive winters now have I observed him. As the twilight begins to deepen, he rises up out of his cavity in the apple tree, scarcely faster than the moon rises from behind the hill, and sits in the opening, completely framed by its outlines of gray bark and dead wood, and by his protective coloring virtually invisible to every eye that does not know he is there. Probably my own is the only eye that has ever penetrated his secret, and mine never would have done so had I not chanced on one occasion to see him leave his retreat and make a raid upon a shrike that was impaling a shrew-mouse upon a thorn in a neighboring tree, and which I was watching. Failing to get the mouse, the owl returned swiftly to his cavity; and ever since, while going that way, I have been on the lookout for him.

Dozens of teams and foot-passengers pass him late in the day; but he regards them not, nor they him. When I come along and pause to salute him, he opens his eyes a little wider, and, appearing to recognize me, quickly shrinks and fades into the background of his door in a very weird and curious

manner. When he is not at his outlook, or when he is, it requires the best powers of the eye to decide the point, as the empty cavity itself is almost an exact image of him. If the whole thing had been carefully studied, it could not have answered its purpose better. The owl stands quite perpendicular, presenting a front of light mottled gray; the eyes are closed to a mere slit, the ear-feathers depressed, the beak buried in the plumage; and the whole attitude is one of silent, motionless waiting and observation. If a mouse should be seen crossing the highway, or scudding over any exposed part of the snowy surface in the twilight, the owl would doubtless swoop down upon it. I think the owl has learned to distinguish me from the rest of the passers-by; at least, when I stop before him, and he sees himself observed, he backs down into his den, as I have said, in a very amusing manner.

Whether bluebirds, nuthatches, and chickadees—birds that pass the night in cavities of trees—ever run into the clutches of the dozing owl, I should be glad to know. My impression is, however, that they seek out smaller cavities. An old willow by the roadside blew down one summer, and a decayed branch broke open, revealing a brood of half-fledged owls, and many feathers and quills of bluebirds, orioles, and other songsters, showing plainly enough why all birds fear and berate the owl.

The English house sparrows, which are so rapidly

increasing among us, and which must add greatly to the food supply of the owls and other birds of prey, seek to baffle their enemies by roosting in the densest evergreens they can find, in the arbor-vitæ, and in hemlock hedges. Soft-winged as the owl is, he cannot steal in upon such a retreat without giving them warning.

*From "Winter Neighbors."*

## THE ARCH-ENEMY

Not long since, while strolling through the woods, my attention was attracted to a small densely grown swamp, hedged in with eglantine, brambles, and the everlasting smilax, from which proceeded loud cries of distress and alarm, indicating that some terrible calamity was threatening my somber-colored minstrel. On effecting an entrance, which, however, was not accomplished till I had doffed coat and hat, so as to diminish the surface exposed to the thorns and brambles, and looking around me from a square yard of terra firma, I found myself the spectator of a loathsome yet fascinating scene.

Three or four yards from me was the nest, beneath which, in long festoons, rested a huge black snake; a bird two thirds grown was slowly disappearing between his expanded jaws. As he seemed unconscious of my presence, I quietly observed the pro-

ceedings. By slow degrees he compassed the bird about with his elastic mouth; his head flattened, his neck writhed and swelled, and two or three undulatory movements of his glistening body finished the work. Then he cautiously raised himself up, his tongue flaming from his mouth the while, curved over the nest, and, with wavy, subtle motions, explored the interior. I can conceive of nothing more overpoweringly terrible to an unsuspecting family of birds than the sudden appearance above their domicile of the head and neck of this arch-enemy. It is enough to petrify the blood in their veins.

Not finding the object of his search, he came streaming down from the nest to a lower limb, and commenced extending his researches in other directions, sliding stealthily through the branches, bent on capturing one of the parent birds. That a legless, wingless creature should move with such ease and rapidity where only birds and squirrels are considered at home, lifting himself up, letting himself down, running out on the yielding boughs, and traversing with marvelous celerity the whole length and breadth of the thicket, was truly surprising. One thinks of the great myth of the Tempter and the "cause of all our woe," and wonders if the Arch One is not now playing off some of his pranks before him. Whether we call it snake or devil matters little. I could but admire his terrible beauty, however; his black, shining folds, his easy, gliding movement, head erect,

eyes glistening, tongue playing like subtle flame, and the invisible means of his almost winged locomotion.

The parent birds, in the mean while, kept up the most agonizing cry,—at times fluttering furiously about their pursuer, and actually laying hold of his tail with their beaks and claws. On being thus attacked, the snake would suddenly double upon himself and follow his own body back, thus executing a strategic movement that at first seemed almost to paralyze his victim and place her within his grasp. Not quite, however. Before his jaws could close upon the coveted prize, the bird would tear herself away, and, apparently faint and sobbing, retire to a higher branch. His reputed powers of fascination availed him little, though it is possible that a frailer and less combative bird might have been held by the fatal spell.

Presently, as he came gliding down the slender body of a leaning alder, his attention was attracted by a slight movement of my arm; eying me an instant, with that crouching, utter, motionless gaze which I believe only snakes and devils can assume, he turned quickly,—a feat which necessitated something like crawling over his own body,—and glided off through the branches, evidently recognizing in me a representative of the ancient parties he once so cunningly ruined. A few moments after, as he lay carelessly disposed in the top of a rank alder, trying to look as much like a crooked branch as his

supple, shining form would admit, the old vengeance overtook him. I exercised my prerogative; and a well-directed missile, in the shape of a stone, brought him looping and writhing to the ground. After I had completed his downfall, and quiet had been partially restored, a half-fledged member of the bereaved household came out from his hiding-place, and, jumping upon a decayed branch, chirped vigorously, no doubt in celebration of the victory.

*From "The Return of the Birds."*

### SHARP EYES

Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard and ask me to name it, but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found on this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely. Not so the farm youth who wrote me one winter day that he had seen a single pair of strange birds, which he describes as follows:—

“They were about the size of the ‘chippie’; the tops of their heads were red, and the breast of the male was of the same color, while that of the female was much lighter; their rumps were also faintly tinged with red. If I have described them so that you would know them, please write me their names.”

There can be little doubt but the young observer

had seen a pair of red-polls, — a bird related to the goldfinch, and that occasionally comes down to us in the winter from the far north.

Another time, the same youth wrote that he had seen a strange bird, the color of a sparrow, that alighted on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground, and that walked. This last fact showed the youth's discriminating eye and settled the case. From this and the season, and the size and color of the bird, I knew he had seen the pipit or titlark. But how many persons would have observed that the bird walked instead of hopped?

Some friends of mine who lived in the country tried to describe to me a bird that built a nest in a tree within a few feet of the house. As it was a brown bird, I should have taken it for a wood-thrush, had not the nest been described as so thin and loose that, from beneath, the eggs could be distinctly seen. The most pronounced feature in the description was the barred appearance of the under side of the bird's tail. I was quite at sea, until one day, when we were out driving, a cuckoo flew across the road in front of us, when my friends exclaimed, —

“There is our bird!”

I had never known a cuckoo to build near a house, and I had never noted the appearance the tail presents when viewed from beneath; but if the bird had been described in its most obvious features,

as slender, with a long tail, cinnamon brown above and white beneath, with a curved bill, any one who knew the bird would have recognized the portrait.

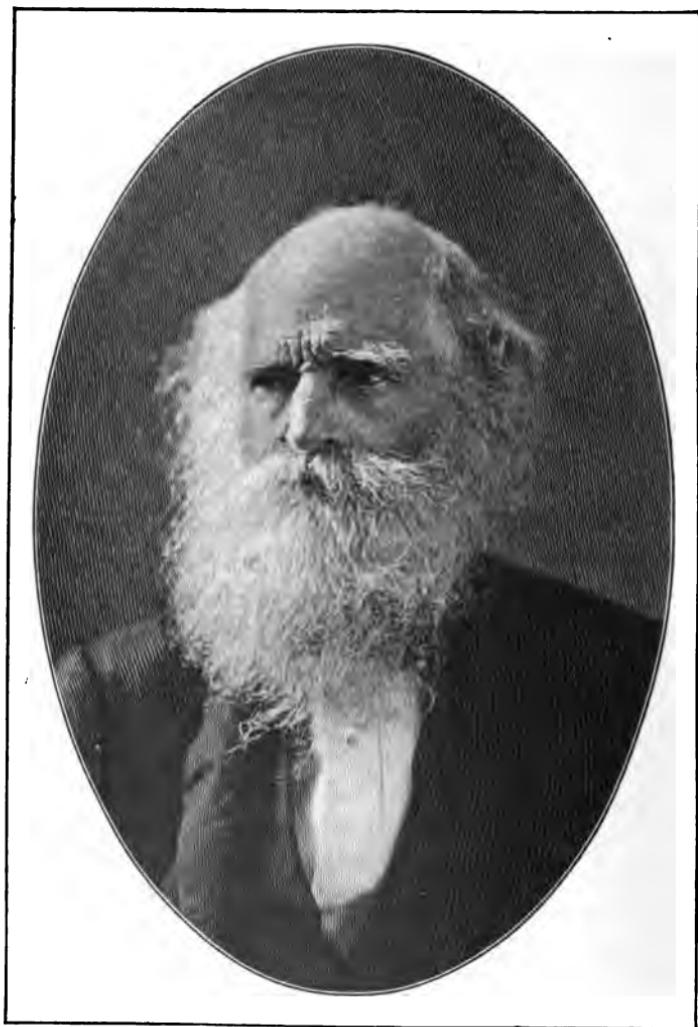
We think we have looked at a thing sharply until we are asked for its specific features. I thought I knew exactly the form of the leaf of the tulip-tree, until one day a lady asked me to draw the outlines of one. A good observer is quick to take a hint and to follow it up. Most of the facts of nature, especially in the life of the birds and animals, are well screened. We do not see the play because we do not look intently enough.

The other day I was sitting with a friend upon a high rock in the woods, near a small stream, when we saw a water-snake swimming across a pool toward the opposite bank. Any eye would have noted it, perhaps nothing more. A little closer and sharper gaze revealed the fact that the snake bore something in its mouth, which, as we went down to investigate, proved to be a small catfish, three or four inches long. The snake had captured it in the pool, and, like any other fisherman, wanted to get its prey to dry land, although it itself lived mostly in the water.

Here, we said, is being enacted a little tragedy, that would have escaped any but sharp eyes. The snake, which was itself small, had the fish by the throat, the hold of vantage among all creatures, and clung to it with great tenacity. The snake knew

that its best tactics was to get upon dry land as soon as possible. It could not swallow its victim alive, and it could not strangle it in the water. For a while it tried to kill its game by holding it up out of the water; but the fish grew heavy, and every few moments its struggles brought down the snake's head. This would not do. Compressing the fish's throat would not shut off its breath under such circumstances; so the wily serpent tried to get ashore with it, and after several attempts succeeded in effecting a landing on a flat rock. But the fish died hard. Catfish do not give up the ghost in a hurry. Its throat was becoming congested, but the snake's distended jaws must have ached. It was like a petrified gape. Then the spectators became very curious and close in their scrutiny, and the snake determined to withdraw from the public gaze and finish the business in hand to its own notions. But, when gently but firmly remonstrated with by my friend with his walking-stick, it dropped the fish and retreated in high dudgeon beneath a stone in the bed of the creek. The fish, with a swollen and angry throat, went its way also.

*From "Sharp Eyes."*



*William Cullen Bryant*

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

You remember what Dr. Holmes said of the books that the young people of his generation had to read? Most of them, you remember, were English books, and the rest—those that were written on this side of the Atlantic—were like echoes of English books, as if America had nothing of her own to be written about. But the truth is that we had hardly had time then to grow an American literature. We had been always too busy with something else—making homes and building towns and fighting Indians and fighting England herself. Sermons had been written, a-plenty, and fiery political speeches, but hardly any stories or essays or poems. Books seemed to us a part of the culture of the Old World, and an imported luxury here; and we never quarreled with our own few writers if they wrote in an English fashion. It took a very honest-thinking, independent sort of person, like Benjamin Franklin, to write in a new way, a way suited to life in America. And it took one with fresh sight and warm imagination, too,—in fact, a poet,—to show us how different the landscape of America, with its birds and flowers and seasons' changes, was from the landscape of England, and how much our out-of-doors might mean to us. We had hardly become a separate nation when there

came to us just the poet that we needed. So away with the cowslips and the nightingales—faint memories of Old England! Here come the gentian and the bobolink—this is America!

William Cullen Bryant, our first poet, was born while George Washington was president, in the November of 1794, in the little village of Cummington, among the hills of western Massachusetts. His father was the village doctor; and he had what, you know, was uncommon in farmhouses in those days, a library of several hundred volumes, which were a better education for his own boys than the village schoolmaster could give them. “In the long winter evenings,” wrote Bryant years afterward, “in the stormy winter days, I read with my elder brother books from my father’s library. . . . I remember well the delight with which we welcomed the translation of the *Iliad* by Pope, when it was brought into the house. My brother and myself, in emulation of the ancient heroes, made for ourselves wooden shields, swords and spears, and fashioned old hats in the shape of helmets with plumes of tow; and in the barn, when nobody observed us, we fought the battles of the Greeks and Trojans over again.”

This boy, Cullen Bryant, lived a very quiet life outwardly, and yet a very exciting life among his own thoughts. Every day he was finding something new in the hills and the valley round him—some new wonder or beauty or meaning. Out of the

books he read, he was making a bigger world for himself, every day. And, besides, he was attending with his father the town meetings, and learning about government and politics. We were a young country, you know, and there were a great many things to be decided, and there was great difference of opinion everywhere. Cullen Bryant became so interested in public affairs that he wrote a political poem, which his father thought good enough to have printed, and sent to a newspaper. It appeared as written "By a Youth of Thirteen." From that time Dr. Bryant encouraged his boy to write verses, and the boy himself made it a duty to study poetry carefully to learn the art of rhythm and rime. He did learn it, and learned it well.

Naturally, he wanted to go to college. There was a small college not far away at Williamstown, so his father had him prepared in Greek and Latin and mathematics. You know that young men nowadays expect to spend a good part of four years in the study of Greek before they read it easily; but Bryant at the end of six months knew his Greek Testament by heart and could read almost any of the old Greek books at sight. He stayed only two terms at Williams College, because he wished to change to Yale; but, after all, the plan seemed too expensive, and he did not go.

Then, very shortly, he decided to study law. Dr. Bryant had been representing his town in the state

legislature, so, after medicine, the law might seem a natural choice for his son to make. But though he was admitted to the bar and practised for several years, Bryant did not like the profession. A chance came to him to go to New York as a reviewer for a magazine, and he went gladly. He could not see then what fate had in store for him—how he was to pass from one journalistic position to another, until, before many years, he was to find himself the editor-in-chief and largest stockholder of one of the great newspapers of the city, the “Evening Post.”

When Bryant came to New York, he was already known as a poet. About eight years before, while he was away from home practising law, his father had discovered in the drawer of an old desk two poems in his son’s handwriting. One of the poems was called “Thanatopsis,” which means “a view, or contemplation, of death.” Dr. Bryant carried the verses to Boston, to the office of a magazine. When one of the editors of the magazine had read them, he said, “No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse.” And it is still as hard for us to realize as it was for them that “Thanatopsis” was written by a boy of seventeen. How did he come to think of it? Was it sight of the village graveyard, or some little grave plot in the corner of a farm, that grew into this wide vision of the whole earth as a “mighty sepulcher”? How was it that, amid the simple speech and drawling accents of the

villagers, his thoughts could flow in such stately rhythm, in such majestic words? Men wondered then, and we wonder still.

One winter evening, while "Thanatopsis" was biding its time in the old desk, Bryant was footling it over the hills from Cummington to Plainfield, to see if in Plainfield he might find some opportunity to practise law. In one of his letters he says that he felt "very forlorn and desolate." The world seemed to grow bigger and darker as the road wound up; his own future was very uncertain. The sun had just set, and the horizon was flooded with crimson light. He turned to look at it; and while he stood there, a solitary bird winged its way across the ruddy glow. He watched the lone wanderer till it was lost in the distance. Then he turned, and went on with firmer step and courage. When he reached the house where he was to stop for the night, he sat down and wrote the lines "To a Waterfowl."

Bryant lived in New York for more than half a century — from 1825 to 1878. Boys grew to manhood, young men grew to old men, while still the fine form and noble face of the poet were familiar in the city streets and at public gatherings. So many people had seen him old and vigorous who had never seen him young, that it seemed as if he must have been always old, a kind of late autumnal figure, befitting the month of his birth. And indeed, so many of his poems were of the autumn season, and

so many spoke of age and death, that they seemed as patriarchal as himself. All the city looked up to him and honored him as its foremost citizen. In his long career as editor, he had been able, in the columns of his paper, to have great influence over public opinion. It was known that the "Evening Post" stood for honesty, sincerity, and justice in public affairs, and that it recommended no course of action that it felt might, in the long run, be regretted. People looked upon Bryant as the Greeks did upon aged Nestor, and hearkened to him.

This quotation from a letter of his to a young writer shows you one side of his influence as an editor:—

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so; and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

"Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home,

and not a residence; a place, not a locality; and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you will always lose by a long one; you lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability. . . .

“Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.”

When Bryant was nearly seventy, he began the translation of the *Odyssey*, and within the next six years he finished both the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, turning them both into natural and beautiful English verse. Most of the work he did down at “Cedarmere,” his country estate at Roslyn on the north shore of Long Island.

On Mr. Bryant’s seventieth birthday, and again when he was eighty, a number of the ablest men in the country united to express their love and reverence for him. On his eightieth birthday they presented him with a large silver vase—you may see it now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—exquisitely designed with symbols of his work. A fretwork of apple blossoms is over it all; the fringed gentian blooms against it; beneath a medallion of the poet skims the waterfowl; and tilted among the reeds of the handles, the bobolink is trilling his silver song.

## ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;  
White are his shoulders, and white his crest.  
Hear him call in his merry note,  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine;  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;  
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;  
One weak chirp is her only note.  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Never was I afraid of man;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
There, as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air:  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.

## TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day?  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

### THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

Here halt we our march, and pitch our tent  
On the rugged forest-ground,  
And light our fire with the branches rent  
By winds from the beeches round.  
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,  
But a wilder is at hand,  
With hail of iron and rain of blood  
To sweep and waste the land.

How the dark wood rings with our voices shrill,  
That startle the sleeping bird!

To-morrow eve must the voice be still,  
And the step must fall unheard.  
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,  
In Ticonderoga's towers,  
And ere the sun rise twice again,  
Must they and the lake be ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides  
Where the fire-flies light the brake;  
A ruddier juice the Briton hides  
In his fortress by the lake.  
Build high the fire, till the panther leap  
From his lofty perch in flight,  
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep  
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
It glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil:  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'T is life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain;  
'T is life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts the tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindliest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
Forever, from our shore.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky  
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings, in its annual round, the morn  
When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!  
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,  
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,  
And rends the oak with sudden force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live  
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty  
died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by  
my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests  
cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life  
so brief:  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

## THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;

The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round  
    all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
    His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,

The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



## SUGGESTED READINGS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY FRANCES JENKINS OLcott, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH.

### COLUMBUS, p. 1. *More about Columbus.*

In Search of the Grand Khan, and The Garden of Eden. (In Tappan. Story of Christopher Columbus.)

A message to the Khan of China, and the discovery of Trinidad.

Dreary and brown the night comes down. (Trowbridge. In B. E. Stevenson. Poems of American History.)

"Columbus at the Convent."

A Rough and Weary World. (In Moore. Christopher Columbus for Boys and Girls, chapter 14.)

The last scene.

### THE GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD LIFE, p. 3; HONK, HONK, HONK!, p. 11. *Migration of birds.*

Things to See This Fall. (In Sharp. Fall of the Year.)

Winter Pensioners, Watching the Procession, and Southward Bound. (In Torrey. Everyday Birds.)

### THE TIGER, p. 17. *Tiger tales.*

Tiger and Leopard Tales. (In Cochrane. Four Hundred Animal Stories.)

A Tiger Hunt. (In Hornaday. Two Years in the Jungle.)

### THREE ARSHINS OF LAND, p. 18. *Other stories by Count Leo Tolstoy.*

Where Love is, There God is Also.

The vision of a Russian shoemaker.

What Men Live by.

### AN ADVENTURE WITH STICKEEN, p. 33. *"The friend of man."*

Rab and His Friends. (Brown.)

Famous and pathetic story of a devoted Scotch dog.

There is Don, the dog of all dogs. (Fields. In Tappan. Poems and Rhymes.)

"Don."

A Faithful Dog. (Baker. In Tappan. Out-of-Door Book.)

A String of Dog Tales. (In Beard. Animal Book.)

ABOU BEN ADHEM, p. 46. *Angel visions.*

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane. (In Longfellow. Poems.)

"King Robert of Sicily."

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!" (In Longfellow. Poems.)

"The Legend Beautiful."

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read. (In Longfellow. Poems.)

"The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi."

The Friar Jerome, for some slight sin. (In Aldrich. Poems.)

"Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book."

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, p. 47. *Earthquakes and volcanoes.*

The Eruption. (In Bulwer-Lytton. *Last Days of Pompeii.*)

How Glaucus the Athenian was saved from the lions.

Around the Bay of Naples. (In Stockton. *Personally Conducted.*)

Seeing the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The Vision of Tsunu. (Rinder. In Tappan. *Myths from Many Lands.*)

The birth of Fuji-yama.

The Chieftainess and the Volcano. (In Yonge. *Book of Golden Deeds.*)

The breaking of the taboo of Kilauea.

A City in a Volcano. (In Island Stories Retold from St. Nicholas.)

A Dutch settlement in a crater.

Earthquakes. (In What Mr. Darwin Saw.)

How the great scientist experienced an earthquake.

ENCELADUS, p. 57. *Who was he?*

The Defeat of Enceladus. (In Guerber. *Myths of Greece and Rome.*)

THE COLONISTS, p. 59. *Adventures of settlers and pathfinders.*

Boy Settlers. (Brooks.)

An Indian raid, a buffalo hunt, and other adventures.

How the Japanese Helped to Discover America. (In Griffis. *Romance of Discovery*.)

How ages ago they found the Pacific Coast and settled there.

Pathfinders, Lewis and Clark. (In Tappan. *Adventures and Achievements*.)

Across the continent — a record of adventure and discovery.

The Virginia Wife-Market. (In Eggleston. *Strange Stories from History*.)

Sir Edwin Sandys's business venture.

What Is a Colony? (In Griffis. *Romance of American Colonization*.)

A brief account of some ancient and modern colonies.

DAVID MAYDOLE, p. 65. *In factory and shop.*

The Champion Stonecutter. (Miller. In Tappan. *Out-of-Door Book*.)

David Fraser's joke.

Marguerite Boucicaut, Storekeeper. (In Parton. *Captains of Industry*, vol. 2.)

The founding of the Bon Marché.

An Imperial Shipwright. (In Abbott. *Peter the Great*, chapters 5, 6.)

Of ships, a conspiracy, and a royal tour.

Sir Henry Bessemer. (In Bolton. *Poor Boys who Became Famous*.)

From clay-modeler to steel magnate.

George Graham. (In Parton. *Captains of Industry*, vol. 1.)

The Quaker clock-maker.

Retail Trade. (In Drysdale. *Helps for Ambitious Boys*.)

A meal-barrel venture, and what came of it.

THE SOLITARY REAPER, p. 73. *Memories that cheer and hearten: other poems by Wordsworth.*

I wandered lonely as a cloud.

"The Daffodils."

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears.

"The Reverie of Poor Susan."

There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs.

"There Was a Boy."

IN THE FACTORY, p. 74. *School and work.*

A School for Firemen. (In Hill. *Fighting a Fire*.)

Where the "probationary firemen" learn to use scaling-ladders, life-lines, life-nets, and other life-saving apparatus.

The Bound Boy. (In Kirkland. *Home-Comers*.)

A valedictory, and why Milton went to college and Miriam did not go.

**Enlisted.** (In Clark. *Boy Life in the United States Navy.*)  
 Choosing boys for the Navy.

**Plebe Days, and The Finished Officer.** (In King. *Cadet Days, chapters 4, 18.*)  
 Drill at West Point.

**The Cloud and Its Silver Lining, and Ten Years After.** (In Bassett. *Story of Lumber.*)  
 Of school and conservation.

**THE HISTORIES OF TWO BOYS**, p. 80. *How they earned their livings.*

**Polly Oliver's Problem.** (Wiggin.)

How she solved it in most delightful, unexpected fashion.

**Wells Brothers.** (Adams.)

Adventures of two boys who became "cattle kings."

**Kibun Daizin.** (Murai.)

A battle with a shark, and how a boy became a merchant prince.

**Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill.** (Trowbridge.)

In which five plucky boys win out against the threats of evil neighbors.

**The Star, and Happy at Last.** (In Miller. *What Happened to Barbara.*)

A newspaper venture of two young people.

**The Farm Boy and His Future Business.** (In Wallace. *Letters to the Farm Boy.*)

On the qualities needed in business life of farm or city boy.

**Lobster Catchers.** (Otis.)

A boy-partner, a ship's rescue, and a lobster farm.

**OPPORTUNITY**, p. 87. *Other opportunities.*

Three ships of war had Preble. (Roche. In B. E. Stevenson. *Poems of American History.*)

"Reuben James."

**The Perfect Knight.** (In Church. *Stories from English History, vol. 1.*)

Sir Philip Sidney and the cup of cold water.

**The Blacksmith Boy and the Battle.** (In Marden. *Winning Out.*)

Anecdotes of golden opportunities.

**POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC**, p. 88. *About Benjamin Franklin.*

Prefaces for the years 1733, 1734, 1735, 1740. (In Franklin. *Poor Richard's Almanac.*)

Showing a humorous way of disposing of a rival.

Franklin Publishes His Almanac. (In his Autobiography.)

Telling how Franklin conducted his newspaper.

Franklin Founds a Library. (In his Autobiography.)

"This was the Mother of all the North American subscription libraries."

Franklin's Letter to His Wife. (In his Autobiography.)

Telling Mrs. Franklin of the many purchases and gifts he is shipping to her from London.

PLANT A TREE, p. 99. *The trees.*

Woodman, spare that tree. (Morris. In Stedman. American Anthology.)

Warnings from History. (In Schaufler. Arbor Day.)

How the world suffers when trees are ruthlessly destroyed.

A Parable. (In Stone and Fickett. Trees in Prose and Poetry.)

The miracle of the pomegranate tree.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm. (In Whittier. Poems.)

"The Palm Tree."

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG, p. 101. *Lord Baltimore's namesake.*

Baltimore Oriole. (In Merriam. Birds through an Opera-Glass.)

His dress and home.

Baltimore Oriole. (In Burroughs. Bird Stories.)

His Nest.

"Upon the Tree-Top." (In Miller. Bird-Ways.)

His home-life and adventures.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB, p. 111.

*From Essays of Elia* : —

Mackery End; Recollections of Christ's Hospital; Dream-Children; Old China.

*From Tales from Shakespeare* : —

As You Like It; Merchant of Venice; King Lear; Hamlet; Twelfth Night.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, p. 149.

*Stories*. — Treasure Island.

Kidnapped.

David Balfour.

The Bottle Imp. (In Island Nights' Entertainment.)

Travels with a Donkey.

*Poems*. — Keepsake Mill. (In A Child's Garden of Verses.)

A Visit from the Sea. (In Underwoods.)

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, p. 179.

*Poems.* — Little I ask; my wants are few.  
 I wrote some lines once on a time.  
 What flower is this that greets the morn.  
 Grandmother's mother; her age I guess.  
 No! never such a draught was poured.  
 Land where the banners wave last in the sun.  
 Flag of the heroes who left us their glory.

*From the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:* —

Pie-Crust. (In chapter 4.)  
 The Cubes of Truth. (In chapter 5.)  
 Our Sumatra Correspondence. (In chapter 5.)  
 Joys of Rowing. (In chapter 7.)

*From My Hunt after the Captain, and Other Papers:* —  
 Great Trees; My Hunt after the Captain.

## JOHN BURROUGHS, p. 215.

*From Birds and Bees, Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers:* —  
 An Idyl of the Honey-Bee; The Apple; Fox and Hound.  
*From Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers:* —  
 Squirrels; Woodchuck; Wild Mice.  
*From Bird Stories from Burroughs:* —  
 The Bluebird; The Catbird; The Marsh Hawk.  
*From Locusts and Wild Honey:* — Speckled Trout, part 2.  
*From Wake-Robin:* — The Invitation.  
*From Signs and Seasons:* — A Sharp Lookout.  
*From Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt:* —  
 Wild Life in the Yellowstone, p. 38; A Mule Episode, p. 23.

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, p. 237.

When beechen buds begin to swell.  
 The stormy March is come at last.  
 The sad and solemn night.  
 Ere, in the northern gale.  
 Within this lowly grave a Conqueror lies.  
 Thou blossom bright with autumn dew.  
 I hear, from many a little throat.  
 The groves were God's first temples.  
 The air is dark with cloud on cloud.  
*Alice.* — One of your old-world stories, Uncle John.  
 Hear now a legend of the days of old.

## STUDY HELPS

[Use the Little Dictionary freely for the explanation, as well as the pronunciation of proper names.]

**COLUMBUS**, p. 1. When you first heard the story of Columbus, what part of it did you wonder at most, or most admire? When was the voyage? Where was the fleet, in these first lines of the poem? (Whenever you can, make your answer in the words of the poem, or story, itself.) *Gates of Hercules*: the western exit from the Mediterranean. How will you read the second line? What words suggest how far out the ships were? *What shall I say?*—say to whom? Is the second stanza part of the same conversation? What has happened meanwhile? Why is the mate *blanched*? How would you explain to some one who knew nothing of the United States, the two lines beginning *It grew?* What was this *grandest lesson*? Who wrote this poem? Joaquin Miller, who died in 1913, lived up on a mountain in California. He was called “the Poet of the Sierras.”

**THE GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD LIFE**, p. 3. What birds have you noticed passing in flocks overhead? At what times of the year? Which way going? In what sense are they early heralds of the season? Take the poem “Robert of Lincoln” and explain it as a bird student would, not a poet. What are we to understand here about birds as travelers? With a map, show these bird routes and stopping points. What is a tidal wave? Why does the author use this comparison?

**HONK, HONK, HONK!**, p. 11. What is the peril by the way to all migrating birds that we call “game”? Describe the snare set for the flying geese. Early in 1913, Congress passed a law to protect all insect-eating and game birds that fly from State to State. What part do you suppose that stories such as this have had in bringing about the passage of this law? Why should this law be? Who is the writer of this story? He lives on the coast of Massachusetts. When will he next hear the wild geese going over? What does he mean by *there is the clang of the cold in their trumpeting?* By *the closing of iron gates?* If you were watching the waterfowl described by Bryant, and watching it as a bird student, not a poet, what would you be thinking of?

**THE TIGER**, p. 17. Have you ever seen a tiger? Where? What about it struck you most? How does the poet want to account for the glow of the tiger’s eyes? How does he half imagine that the tiger’s

form might have been made? What is the wonder and the terror in such a thought? Why does he ask, *Did He who made the lamb make thee? When the stars*, etc.: see Revelation 12:7. By *stars* is understood often, in Scripture, "angels." Why did the poet ask again at the end of the poem the same question he asked at the beginning?

**THREE ARSHINS OF LAND**, p. 18. Opening your physical geography to the map of Russia, look over the country. What kinds of land do you find? What products? What rivers? Why was Pakhom so eager for some land? Did land cost much in Russia? How much? Where did the Bashkirs live? Tell the story as far as the morning of the measurement of the land, using English words in place of the Russian. What do you think of this way of selling land? In Pakhom's vision, why did he see the Devil at the beginning of the matter? How much land, after all, did Pakhom need and get? Count Leo Tolstoy, who died in 1910, was one of the greatest of modern writers. The peasants of Russia have for many years been struggling for freedom from oppression; Tolstoy, who lived a simple life himself and wore the peasant's dress, used to help them by good counsel and charities. Whenever he had a special message for them all, he would put it into a story which he would publish in pamphlet form, to be sold for half a cent. This was one of those stories. What was its message to the peasants, do you think?

**LIFE'S MEASURE**, p. 32. What would be to your notion a short measure of life? Can you think of any proverb that would express the idea given in the last two lines? What things are mentioned in the poem as illustrations of this? Why is the first stanza at all?

**AN ADVENTURE WITH STICKEEN**, p. 33. Let each of you in class tell as quickly as you can whatever you know about Alaska. What is a glacier? How does it move? What will cause a crevasse in one? What is peculiar about the wide crevasse that confronted Mr. Muir and Stickeen? Can you show by breaking apart a piece of wood how the crevasse and sliver bridge appeared? Does Mr. Muir say how he himself got across? Why so little? What is it that you like best in the story about Stickeen's crossing? What was *Moses's stately song* (Exodus 15:1-18)? Stickeen went back to his home at the Mission; but Mr. Muir named his next dog, a big collie, after him.

**ABOU BEN ADHEM**, p. 46. Does it seem to you that good fortune and happiness make one feel self-confident, or very fearless? What line in the poem says that about Abou Ben Adhem? How could he prove his right to have been written in the Book of Gold?

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, p. 47. Where is *Mount Vesuvius*? Is it still an active volcano? When was the eruption described by Pliny? Who lived along that coast in those days? See if you can find at the library some pictures of Roman houses, streets, etc. *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* lay within a few miles of each other, directly at the base of the mountain. They were fashionable places, as was also *Stabiae*. What happened to these towns? Within the last hundred years they have been partly uncovered, the digging being carried on by the Government. *Pliny* was then eighteen, and a great student. What language did the Romans speak? Read from the letters who *Tacitus* was. Why was Pliny writing him? Pliny's *uncle*, Pliny the Elder, was the author of a natural history and geography. Read the parts of the letter that show his interest in books and nature; his official duties; his character. *Misenum*: a town near the north-west entrance of the bay. *pine tree*: Italian pine, parasol shaped. *Bassus* was a poet. He was destroyed with his villa. Why could not Pliny the Elder reach him? Where did Pliny then go? Describe the scenes of that day and night as if you had been one of his party. As if you had been the Younger Pliny. Which Readings have you read?

ENCELADUS, p. 55. Where is Mount Etna? What do you know about it? Find out something about a recent eruption of this volcano. Read from this poem all the lines or phrases that tell you about Enceladus himself. What idea do you get of him? Read the lines that suggest what once happened to him. In ancient myth Enceladus was one of the hundred-armed giants, sons of Earth and the Nethermost World (Ge and Tartarus), who rebelled against the Gods. In punishment, he was buried under Mount Etna. Why are the storm winds in sympathy with Enceladus? Explain the poem.

THE COLONISTS, p. 57. Why did not the colony at Jamestown succeed at first? When did it? Which of the Barlow "colonists" do you think will be the most useful? What differences will climate and location make in their comparative usefulness? Which would you have chosen to be? Why? People in England to-day sign their occupation *gentleman* to mean that they do no work, but live on inherited money or the rental of their lands.

DAVID MAYDOLE, p. 65. Do you ever examine the marks upon your pencils, knives, dishes, or other things and wonder what they mean? Why are the marks there? What went into the making of each of these things before it was actually manufactured? Read from the story the sentences that show David Maydole's pride in his work. If you

can, bring to class one of his hammers and examine it. What difficulties did he have to overcome? Was the work worth while? Why? What is the usual meaning of *protective system*? The meaning here? *Peter Cooper*: founder of a great industrial institute in New York, and once a poor boy.

**THE SOLITARY REAPER**, p. 73. When you have a happy experience, is the happiness at an end when the event is over? Can you see the difference between a person who has happy memories and one who has none? Is there likely to be a difference in their work as well? How and why? *Highland Lass*: a Celtic girl of the hills of Western Scotland. What happiness did Wordsworth experience in seeing and hearing this girl? Where was she, and where was he? What kind of song was he thinking of that would be of *old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago*? Do you know any Scotch ballads? Probably the girl sang in Gaelic, the old Celtic tongue. Explain *vale profound*; *farthest Hebrides*; *plaintive numbers*. Do you find this poem musical? simple? beautiful?

**IN THE FACTORY**, p. 75. What things that you use, or see, are made of rubber (think of all you can)? Look up in an encyclopædia the manufacture of rubber. Look, too, under the name Goodyear (Charles); or, better still, ask at the library for a story about him. Where does our crude rubber come from? What is it? Why did the *President* take an interest in *Dick*? Had *Dick* shown any quality that would be useful in business? Why would it have been impossible for him to prepare himself entirely at home? When did he suddenly feel that school and study would be interesting? Are you working with your eye on the future? Which *card* would you have chosen, had you been *Dick*? Why? Write a letter in which you tell some one how you are preparing for a future, and all you have still to do.

**THE HISTORIES OF TWO BOYS**, p. 80. Was there any *favoritism* in his promotion? Would it be to the advantage of an employer to show favoritism? To promote on merit? Why? What was the matter with *Brown*? How did his reply to *Smith*'s news of his trip abroad show what he was? Did *Smith* do right about the *spurious* samples? Explain. Does the story tell you anything about the work of a department store that you did not know before? What else do you know about it?

**OPPORTUNITY**, p. 87. Tell this incident. What was the *opportunity*? Explain *shocked*, *craven*, *lowering*, *bestial*. Memorize this poem.

**POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC**, p. 86. What was the *Almanac*? What else do you know about Franklin's life? What references do you find here to the history of our country? Learn five of *Poor Richard's* sayings. What did the French think of Franklin? Was he ever in France?

**PLANT A TREE**, p. 99. Give in your own words the first three stanzas. Memorize the fourth. Enos Mills found, out in the Rocky Mountains, a pine tree a thousand years old. How can one tell the age of a tree? Explain the last stanza, and *Gifts that grow are best*.

**OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG**, p. 101. As you read this story, who do you expect the *new neighbors* will prove to be? When you come to the end, are you astonished? As you look back, what do you find that might have hinted that they were birds? Where did Aldrich purposely lead you astray? What kind of house did his neighbor build? Do orioles stay north all the year round? How was *he* dressed? How was *she* dressed? Why did *he* dig in the garden? Why does Aldrich turn our attention to digging up *arrowheads* and ancient cities? Notice how careful he is not to know *too* much about his neighbors — where, for instance? Have you heard of "*David Copperfield*" before? How? *Moon of Cherries*: what month? Why use the Indian name? Would a bird be interested in the view from *Blue Hill*? How does Aldrich treat his own feelings humorously? What do you know about the author of this story? (See Sixth Reader.)

**THE MARINER'S FAREWELL**, p. 108. In Coleridge's beautiful "Rime of The Ancient Mariner," the mariner stops a young man on his way in to a wedding feast, and tells him his story — how he shot an albatross in the South Sea, and how his wanton act brought a calm that kept the ship in mid-ocean till almost all the crew had died of thirst and starvation. For a long time he had been bitter and sullen and unrepentant. What shows that now he repented of his deed? that his nature had grown kindly again? Memorize these verses.

**CHARLES AND MARY LAMB**, pp. 111-147. (1) What is the difference between a story, or narrative, and a play? In turning Shakespeare's "The Tempest" into a narrative, what then did Mary Lamb have to supply? The play is, much of it, in verse; what is this story written in? What is the difference between the two forms? What kind of story is this? Does it seem like a fairy tale, or like something real? Why? In what country had the principal characters lived? Is there anything in the story that suggests in what century it might have been? Does it matter? Explain. If you were going to put this play on the stage, how would you dress each of the different char-

acters? Which qualities that Charles and Mary Lamb said you would find in Shakespeare (see p. 111) do you find in this story? In connection with which characters, and what actions? What other play from the Tales have you read? (2) In what way does Lamb seem to pretend that he is writing very seriously? Why would the insurance offices have *all shut up shop* under the circumstances? At what point in the story does the writer seem to forget that he is talking about very primitive people? Does he do it purposely? Why? (3) How were Charles and Mary Lamb especially fitted to write tales from Shakespeare? Were they well educated, or not? Charles Lamb's essays you will enjoy more as you grow older. What would you know about the brother and sister from Mary Lamb's letter alone? Is it a good letter? How so?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, pp. 149-177. (1) In this fight at the blockhouse, who are defending it? Who are attacking it? Can you give some idea of each of the characters? Quote from the story to show. What did the Captain mean by *I thought you had worn the king's coat*? Pick out here and there the phrases that would suggest to you that the men fighting are sailors. Job Anderson was one of the mutineers. How does Stevenson make you feel the haste and confusion of the fight? (2) Who was Alison Cunningham? What do you think Stevenson means by *the uneven land*? If this poem were all you knew about Stevenson, what could you say about him? (3) What had happened to David just before this story begins? This was all long ago, in 1751. *The Ross* is the southwestern point of the large island of Mull west of Scotland; the sound separates the island of *Iona* from the Ross, and David believes himself to be on an islet near the Ross. Is the selection well named? Why was he *between hope and fear* that he might see someone coming? *Queensferry*: the small town near Edinburgh, where David had been coaxed aboard the ship. What route, then, had he taken? Why did the men in the boat laugh? Why did they go away and then come back? How was it that David had not discovered the narrow strait at low tide before? (4) Find on the map Stevenson's home in Scotland, and the home where he died. *Skerryvore*: the name of Stevenson's estate in Scotland. *Teriitera* was the name that he took when he was adopted into the clan of Ori, with whom he exchanged names. Why was the little requiem he wrote very appropriate to his own life?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, pp. 179-214. (1) Who is speaking? Who were the people to whom the Autocrat was talking? Is it likely that, when people argue, harsh notes will occur in the conversation?

What kind of conversation does the Autocrat think better than argument? Quote any remark of the Autocrat's that you would call *suggestive*. *Falstaff's nine men in buckram*: In Shakespeare's King Henry IV, Falstaff is telling Prince Hal how he was set upon and robbed on his way. He begins by saying that there were "two rogues in buckram," but as he continues the story, the "two rogues" become "nine," and even more. Why did the actor allude to this? Why is the *real* person the least important in the conversation? What do you think of John? What was his *practical inference*? (4) How is it that some words are English and not American? Is the comparison of the stereoscope a good one? Why? (5) What made necessary the Battle of Bunker Hill? From the poem give an account of it. "*These are the times that try men's souls*" — words often quoted in Grandmother's youth, being the opening words of a book called "*The Crisis*," by Thomas Paine, a famous advocate of freedom. On which side was *Lord Percy*? He commanded the soldiers who retreated from Lexington and Concord. Why are they called *hunted*? Through what scenes had Grandmother's grandmother lived? Who was *Prescott*? It is true that he was wearing his flowered morning gown, and true that he strolled around upon the earthworks, so that his cool, unconcerned manner might encourage the men behind. The *Dan'l Malcolm* tombstone was the actual gravestone of a vigorous patriot who had died six years before. The British generals were Howe, Clinton, and Pigot. Dr. *Joseph Warren*: a physician of Cambridge, noted for his wisdom in public affairs. John Singleton *Copley*: a celebrated portrait painter, born in America about forty years before the battle. What do you think of Grandmother's manner of telling her story? (6) How did "*Old Ironsides*" happen to be written (see p. 179)? (7) Have you ever seen anything that wore out equally in every part? Would you think it impossible that such a thing should be made? The Deacon thought that a chaise could be made in that way if —. Supply the "if." How long did the chaise last? What does the poet say are the only things that keep their youth? Compare this with the stanza on page 100. Explain *Logic is logic*. (8) Of what interest to one another are the people mentioned in "*The Boys*"? How would you picture the scene it represents? What do we call a poem of this sort? *Royal Society*: an association of learned men in England. What is the song written by Samuel F. Smith? What makes this poem of Holmes such a happy one? (9) This poem is a reminiscence of an old man who lived in Cambridge in Holmes's youth, and used to cling to the Continental dress. Explain in your own words the last stanza. (10) Have you ever seen a

nautilus shell? From the poem alone judge how it looks. In what seas is it found? How does the shell grow? Explain *from thy dead lips a clearer note is born*. What is the message? Does the last line refer to death, or to the noblest possible life?

JOHN BURROUGHS, pp. 215-235. (1) *The Study*, from which Mr. Burroughs is surveying his *winter neighbors* is the one at Woodchuck Lodge. Describe it. "Be bold, Be bold, and everywhere Be bold." — In the legend of Britomart which Longfellow in "Morituri Salutamus" quotes from a 16th century poem (Spenser's "Faerie Queene"), the maiden enters an enchanted castle and finds those two words written above the door; then spies an inner door over which she reads, "Be not too bold." Explain *protective coloring*. Does not everything in nature prey upon something else? When do we feel that there is something wrong in this? (2) Why did Mr. Burroughs kill the snake? The nest was a nest of catbirds. How colored? "Cause of all our woe": from Milton's "Paradise Lost," a poem about the loss of Eden and the coming of sin into the world. Point out in this story the words that mean form, color, or action. What is it, then, that makes the story so thrilling? (3) Write an imaginary letter to Mr. Burroughs to ask him about something you have really seen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, pp. 237-256. (1) What has the poet seen in the *bobolink* that a bird student alone might not? In the *waterfowl's flight*? Explain in your own words, *mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong; marge; desert and illimitable air; abyss of heaven*. In what circumstances did Bryant compose the poem? (2) When was the battle of *Ticonderoga*? What is the spirit of the *Green Mountain Boys*? (3) What do you know about General Marion? Where is the Santee? How are he and his men like knights of old? (4) Explain this comparison of the *Hudson* and the *fame of Washington*. *his face; his course* — whose? (5) The *young friend* was Bryant's own sister. He wrote the poem a year after her death. Where in the poem is the first suggestion of her loss? (6) Is the close of *Thanatopsis* really about death or about life? — Explain. With what subject does the poem begin? What is the *healing sympathy* that nature brings to our thoughts of death (*darker musings*)? Are we not one with all Nature? What proof is there in woods and fields that all things must in time *surrender up their individual being*? Bryant was looking upon fallen tree trunks in a wood when these thoughts impressed themselves upon him. Why is the earth *one mighty sepulcher*? Read the poem many times aloud, and see if you do not begin to feel the beauty and the largeness of it. When was it written?

## A LITTLE DICTIONARY

You are now practiced in using a dictionary, and can find your way in the big dictionary in the classroom or in your own smaller ones. So here are given only the words in this book that you may find most difficult to pronounce or to select a meaning for, and certain words that may not be in the small, or abridged, dictionary.

**A' bou Ben Ad' hem** (ä' boö ben äd' èm),

*Abou, son of Adhem.*

**A' ne' id** (ä' nè' id), a long Latin poem by Virgil, telling of the wanderings of *Aeneas*, the survivor of the Trojan war who founded Rome.

**Ag' as siz** (äg' à sè), Louis, Swiss naturalist and teacher in America.

**an te di lu' vi an** (äa tè di lü' vi än), of the fashion before the Deluge.

**Ar ca' di an**, as in Arcadia, a happy land of shepherds and nymphs in Greek poetry.

**A' ri el** (ä' ri èl).

**a ri et' ta** (ä ri èt' ä), a short musical air.

**A ri os' to** (ä rë ös' tò), an Italian poet of Columbus's time.

**ar shin'** (är shén'), 28 inches (*Russian*).

**as sim' i late** (ä sim' i lät), associate so as to become alike in tastes.

**a sun' der**, separate. (*Rare meaning*.)

**Au' du bon** (ö' döö bon), John James, American ornithologist.

**ban' yan**, a loose woolen dressing gown patterned after the gowns worn by the Hindu merchants called banyans.

**barb**, a Barberry, or part-Arab, horse. **Bar' can**, of Barca, in n. e. Africa.

**bar' rings-out'**, closing a schoolroom against a schoolmaster.

**Bash kirs'** (básh kérz'), a Mohammedan people, descendants of Finns and

**KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.** äte, senäte, căre, åm, finäl, årm, åsk, sofå; ève, èvent, ènd, fèrn, recènt; Ice, Ill; öld, öbey, örb, ödd, cönect; üse, ünite, üp, circüla, bùrn, mentü; food, föot; out; oil; chair; go; sing, injk; then, thin; nature, verdüre; zh = z in azure.

Turks, who pasture their flocks along the Ural Mountains.

**bea' die** (bë' dë!), parish officer who kept order.

**be stead'** (bë stëd'), put in peril.

**bird'-lime**, a sticky substance used to smear twigs where small birds alight.

**board' ed** (bôrd' èd), attacked, as a ship when boarded by the enemy.

**Bon Homme Ri chard'** (bô nôm rë shär').

**botch' ing**, patching (*old meaning*).

**broad' side** (brôd' sid), a sheet of paper printed on one side only; a volley fired at a ship's side from prow to stern.

**cal' cined** (käl' sind), made powdery by intense heat.

**Cam pan' ia** (käm pän' yä), an old division of Italy, including Naples.

**Ca' pre ae** (kü' prë è).

**case** (käs), condition.

**chaunt** (chänt), an old spelling and pronunciation of chant (chánt).

**Chi' na or' an ges**, sweet oranges; first introduced from the Far East.

**clois' tered** (klois' térd), bordered by a cloister, or covered walk one side of which is a wall, and the other side a row of columns with arches between.

**co' ble** (kô' bë!), a small fishing boat.

**cogs** (kögz), the teeth projecting from

the circumference of a cogwheel.

**Con fu' ci us** (kön fü' shi üs), the Chinese

philosopher who lived about 500 years before Christ and founded the religion of China.

eon trib' ut ed (éon tríb' ú téd), helped.  
co' pek or co' peck (kó' pék), Russian coin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a ruble, or half a cent.  
cre vasse' (kré vás'), a deep crevice, or fissure, in a glacier.

Cym'be line (sim' bél in), Shakespeare's play named after its hero, an ancient British king.

Dar' by and Joan (där' bí; jón), the man and wife in an 18th century ballad called "The Happy Old Couple."

Dart' mouth (därt' mooth), college at Hanover, N. H.

des' sia tine (dés' yá ténz), 2.7 acres (Russian).

dev' il-club (dëv'íl-klüb), a kind of spiny, or thorny, shrub.

dis' pu tants (dis' pü tants), persons dis-puting.

dis ser ta' tion, written discourse.

dis' si pat ed (dis' I pát éd), scattered.  
dol' drums (dö'l' dráms), dumpling.

driv' ing gear (driv' ing gér), the large cogwheel, which, in turning, turns the smaller cogwheel, or pinion.

Dru' ry (dröö' rí) Lane, a famous London theater.

Kar' raid (kär' rád).

K' li a (k' lí á). Lamb wrote, "Call it *El'lia*," but the other pronunciation is the one commonly used.

Kn cel' a dus (kn sé'l' á dús).

en core' (än kör'), once more.

erst' while (furst' hwil), former.

Ku mae' us (ü mä' üs), the faithful swineherd of Odysseus.

Ex' e ter (ék' sé téر) Change (i. e., "Change or Exchange), a large building on the street called the Strand, in London; a menagerie was kept in it.

fags, lower-class boys who serve the upper boys at school.

Fal' staff (fö'l' stäf), a jolly knight in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV."

fel' lee (fél' lí), same as felly; outer wooden rim of a wheel.

Fonte' noy (fönt nwä'), village in Belgium, where, in 1745, the French defeated England and her allies.

form, grade, class.

Gael' ic (gäl' ik), the language of the Scotch Highlanders.

gam' brel-roofed, roofed with gables—each the form of a pentagon.

gears (gérz), cogwheels.

Geor' gi us Se cun' dus (*Latin form*).

George II of England, who came from a German family much disliked in England.

glint' ing (glint' ing), glancing off.

Gon' za' lo (gón zá' ló).

gra' tis (gra' tís), for nothing.

groat (grót), English fourpence.

Guer' ri ñre' (gér' rí ñré'), literally, the fighting ship.

guin' ea (gín' i), English coin worth twenty-one shillings, or \$5.11.

hang' er, a short sword.

Hel' e na (hél' è ná), a lady in "Mid-summer Night's Dream."

Her cu la' ne um (hér kú lá' né üm).

Her' mi a (hér' mi á), a lady in "Mid-summer Night's Dream."

his to ri og' ra pher (his tó ri óg' rá fér), historian.

Hou yhn' hnm (höö in' 'm; sounded like the whinny of a horse). Belonging to a race of horses that could reason and learn like human beings, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Swift.

in ex' pli ca ble (in éks' plí ká b'l), in-explainable.

in sen' si ble, hardly perceptible.  
 in tu i' tions (in tū iš' ūnz), insight, quick understanding.  
 I o' na (ē ō' nā), one of the Hebrides.  
 i' rised (i' rist), rainbow colored.

Joa quin' (wā kēn').  
 Johan' nes (yō hän' ūs), John (German).

ki bit' kas (ki bít' kāz), circular tents of latticework and felt.  
 kirk (kirk), church (*in Scotland and northern England*).  
 ku' myss (koo' mīs), a fermented drink made in Russia from mare's milk.

lim' pets, mollusks.  
 linch' pin, the pin that prevents the wheel from slipping off the axletree.  
 lists (lists), listens to.  
 lith' arge (lith' ārj), a substance obtained from a kind of lead ore.  
 low' er ing (lou' ēr īng), looking sullen.

mar' kets (mär' kēts), opportunities for buying or selling.  
 mé nage' (mā nāzh'), housekeeping.  
 mer' chan dis ing (mūr' chān dīz īng), trading.  
 met a phor' i cal ly (mēt ā fōr' ī kāl ī), figuratively; in words carrying a comparison.  
 me' um (mē' ūm), Latin word for *my*.  
 mick' le (mīk' lē), a great sum (*old-fashioned word*).  
 Mil' ton (mīl' tīn), a great English poet of the 17th century, the author of "Paradise Lost."

Mi se' num (mē zē' nūm).  
 mo rains' (mō rān'), the earth, stones, etc., carried along and deposited by a glacier; terminal, if accumulated at the lower end; lateral, if along the side of the glacier.

mu jik' (mō zhīk'), a Russian peasant.

Mun' dane Mu ta' tions.  
 murres (mūr'z), sea birds, that dive and swim; auks.  
 My cen' ae (Mi sē' nē), an ancient city of Greece.

nau' ti lus (nō' tī lūs), a shell fish with a spiral shell, made of many sections or chambers within, and pearl-coated without.  
 neaps (nēps), neap tides, when the moon is at first and third quarters—the lowest of the monthly tides.  
 Nes' tor, an aged king, noted for his wisdom, who helped the Greeks against Troy.  
 nod' dies (nōd' īz), stoutbodied terns, sooty brown with white on heads.  
 num' bers, measures, or accented groups, of music or verse.

Od' ys sey (ōd' ī sī), a long Greek poem by Homer, describing the wanderings and adventures of Odysseus on his way home after the Trojan war.  
 or ni thol' o gist (ōr nī thōl' ū jīst), a student of bird-lore.  
 O'thel'lō (ō thēl' ū), Shakespeare's play, named after its hero, a Moor in the army of Venice.  
 Ov' id (ōv' īd), an ancient Roman poet.

per son al' i ties (pūr sūn īl' ī tīz), individualities, characters.  
 phil o soph' i cal (fil ū sōf' ī kāl), desiring to find out and understand.  
 phil o soph' i cal ly, according to a certain reasoning.  
 pin' ions (pīn' yūnz), small cogwheels fitted to turn against larger cogwheels.  
 piqued (pēkt), excited.  
 pit, formerly, the orchestra floor of a theater, the cheapest part, furnished with benches; now, in English theaters, the space below the balconies.

**Plin' y** (plín' i).  
**Pom pe' ii** (póm pě' yě).

**Pom po ni a' nus** (póm pō ní ä' nüs).  
**prem' is es** (prém' is ěz), property.  
**Pros' per o** (prós' pér ö).

**quar' ters**, stations, assigned places.  
**quid** (kwíd), sovereigns, or pounds sterling (*British slang*).

**re' qui em** (rē' kwí ēm), a song for the dead.

**re trib' u to ry** (rē trib' ū tō rī), punishing.

**rime** (rim), rhyme. *Rime* is the better form. *Rhyme*, though more common, is a confusion with *rhythm*.

**ru' ble** (rōō' b'l), a gold or silver coin of Russia, worth about 51.5 cents.

**Salis' bur y** (sôlz' bér i). Plain, in Wiltshire, England.

**Schlie' mann** (shlē' män), the German who directed the unearthing and exploration of the ruined city of Mycenae, in Greece.

**sheet' ed**, spread into the form of sheets.

**shrew-mouse**, a very small animal somewhat like a mole.

**shrike**, a kind of thrush; butcher bird. **sill**, the foundation timber.

**sleek' it** (slék' it), sleek. (*Scotch*.)  
**sliv' er-bridge**, a bridge made of a long

sliver, or splinter of the ice.

**sough** (süf or sou), a sighing, as of wind. **Sta' bi ae** (stā' bē ē).

**sta' tus** (stā' tüs), state, condition. **strains** (strānz), changes of form, or distortions, due to stress or force.

**strait' en ing** (strät' ēn īng), embarrassing.

**stra te' gic** (strá tē' jik), of cunning as in human warfare.

**stress' es** (strēs' ěz), cases of pressure and resistance to pressure.

**Syo' o rax** (sík' ö räks).

**Ta' hi ti** (tä' hē tē), one of the Society Islands.

**Ta hi ti' an** (tä hē tē' än), language of Tahiti.

**ta ran tass'** (tä rán tás'), a low, four-wheeled Russian carriage.

**ta' ro** (tä' rō), the garden plant with huge leaves, called *elephant's ear*.

**Ta' u ti ra** (tä' ū tē rä).

**tem' pered** (tēm' pērd), brought to a certain degree of toughness.

**terns** (tērnz), small gulls.

**Than a top' sis**.

**theme** (thēm), subject or topic.

**thill**, shaft.

**thor' ough brace** (thür' ö bräs), the leather strap supporting the body of the chaise, attached to the springs.

**Tri' ton**, a god of the sea, half man, half fish. His *horn* was a conch shell, which he blew to rouse or still the waves.

**Tus i ta' la** (tōōs i tā' lä).

**tu' um** (tōō' öm) Latin word for *thy*.  
**ty' ro** (tē' rō), beginner.

**U' po lu** (öō' pō lōō).

**u ten' sils** (ü tēn' silz), implements (*old meaning*).

**Va i li' ma** (vā ē lē' mä).

**verst** (vürst), about two-thirds of a mile (*Russian*).

**vi' a** (vē' ā), by way of.

**Vir'gil** (vēr' jil), an ancient Roman poet, author of the *Aeneid*.

**vo' ce di pet' to** (vō' chā dē pět' tō), chest voice (*Italian*).

**vod' ka** (vōd' kā), a Russian liquor.

**Worces' ter** (wōōs' tēr), town near which Charles II, then a prince, was defeated by Cromwell's army in 1645.

**youn' kers** (yūn' kōrz), youngsters.



